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The Week

AT this writing the terms of the new German reparations proposals are not published. We cannot anticipate how they will be received nor can we pass an opinion on how they should be received. But during the past week the prospect of some tolerable escape from the existing deadlock have much improved; and they have improved chiefly as the result of the interjection into the controversy of the American government. It was brought in by the offer of Germany to agree unreservedly to pay any indemnity which the American government would decide to be just and fair. President Harding could not, of course, accept mediation on these terms. He could not act, even if France and Great Britain were willing to have him act, as the responsible dictator of the economic destinies of the European continent. But he could offer his friendly services as a disinterested third party, and he did. He offered to transmit to the Allies a new German offer and consequently to encourage further negotiations. His action was received with frank disapproval by the French chauvinists and they had reason to dislike it. The American government had reopened questions which they wished to consider closed, and its interference will prevent them from imposing drastic penalties on Germany without paying for their behavior by an exposure of the poverty of their case in insisting on military execution. It does not follow that American mediation will bring about a settlement. Probably Poincaré & Company will eventually take the bit in their teeth. But if they do, they will isolate France and they will arouse so much opposition in this country, all over Europe and among many fellow countrymen that they cannot run very far.

THE meaning and effect of President Harding's offer to transmit the new German offer to the Allied governments has provoked important differences of opinion. The dispatches from Berlin interpret it as the initial step to effective mediation. Mr. Lloyd George, on the other hand, minimized the responsibility which the American government had assumed by the offer of its services. The French, strange to say, tended to agree with the Germans. Ambassador Jusserand is reported to have advised Mr. Hughes that the transmission by the American government of the German proposals would imply some measure of approval. It is not difficult to discern the different motives which prompt these interpretations. Lloyd George wishes to get the American government into the negotiations on any terms and to this end he interprets American interference as not necessarily of great importance. The German cabinet wishes also to get the American government in but only as a moderating influence on France. Finally, the French do not wish any American interference with the determination of the amount of the indemnity. What they would like America to do is to guarantee its collection. So Berlin anticipates the offer as a step towards thoroughgoing mediation, while Paris calls Mr. Harding's attention to what grave

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and difficult European responsibilities he, the spokesman of unfettered American nationalism, would assume as a mediator.

THE truth is that President Harding has taken a first step which may or may not amount eventually to full mediation. He is feeling his way without knowing as yet how fast and how far he can go. It depends upon what he discovers as he proceeds. He may discover, for instance, as soon as he breaks through the crust of propaganda and counter-propaganda, that behind the manoeuvring there is on the part of fair-minded Germans, Englishmen and Frenchmen a willingness to make the sacrifices which are necessary to a temporary settlement. In that event he can afford to go ahead and assume an active responsibility for arranging the terms of such a settlement. Or he may discover a disposition on the part of one or other of the warring European nations so irreconcilable that he cannot arrange any settlement without exerting an amount of pressure and assuming a burden of responsibility for the carrying out of the terms which strain his resources of power and goodwill. In that event he will sooner or later retire and wait until Europe is ready to accept the services of a friendly as distinguished from a dictatorial mediator. But even if he is obliged eventually to withdraw without having effected a settlement, the offer of his services as a disinterested third party will have in one essential respect an immensely beneficial effect. It will definitely fix the responsibility for the new outbreak of the war and help the public opinion of the world to reach a sound conclusion as to the merits of the contending causes.

NO matter what the result of their protest, the friends of freedom of thought and of opinion should be thankful to the nineteen clergymen and publicists who asked Governor Miller to veto the mischievous Lusk bills recently passed by the Legislature of New York. They form the most insidious attack which has yet been launched in this country upon the fundamental American tradition —the tradition that the success of popular government depends chiefly upon the vitality of public opinion and that the only guarantee of the vitality of public opinion is a large freedom of thought and inquiry. The Lusk bills subordinate freedom of thinking and teaching of the citizens of New York in certain considerable ways to the arbitrary discretion of administrative officials. If Governor Miller is sincere in his opposition to bureaucratic government he will veto them. A bureaucracy does some things well and many things badly, but the last function which it is capable of performing wisely is that of deciding what it is safe for other people to think.

IN the hearings before the Railway Labor Board, Mr. W. Jett Lauck has repeated in great detail charges already made by the railroad labor leaders. He has accused capital of having "gone on strike," against the interests of labor and of the consumer. The power of capital, he says, is concentrated in a few hands; through interlocking directorates in a dozen institutions a handful of men control a majority of the country's railroads and its basic raw materials, and Mr. Lauck gives the list of these twelve banks. Within this small group, says Mr. Lauck, lies the power to "adjust or misadjust relative prices in a manner that will stimulate or suppress industrial activity." How has it used its power? "It deliberately deflated the farmers, and then undertook by precipitating industrial stagnation to deflate labor." Railroad labor was chosen as the first point of attack, and it fell to the lot of the railroad companies to do the "deflating."

MR. LAUCK then describes the tactics used—as he thinks—by the railroads to accomplish the deflation. Let us recall that during the war, thanks to the government's policy of encouraging collective bargaining on the railroads, the railway shopmen, the men who make the repairs on rolling stock, were unionized all over the country. Shopmen working for companies outside of the railroads, but companies which did a certain amount of railway repair work and are still in a position to do so, were not organized, and remain largely unorganized to this day. It is evident that the railroads wish to weaken the organization of their labor as much as possible. How is this being done ? By the process, says Mr. Lauck, of discharging men —103,000 in the last nine months—from the railroad shops, and letting contracts for repairs to outside companies that work on an "open shop" basis. This forces railway labor, if it wants employment, to get itself rehired, at the lower wages of the non-union plan. And Mr. Lauck quotes a long list of the outside repair companies now handling repair work which could be done by the railroads themselves if they wished. What is the result to the public? Waste, and increased costs, for a locomotive repair job that could be done by the roads in their own shops is now being done at three or four times the cost by an outside company. Yet these companies are not really "outside": by means of interlocking directorates, the same financial interests that control the railroads also control the outside repair companies, and the profit returns to the same people in the end.

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THE plea of the railroads for a readjustment of wages rests on the assumption of their poverty. This Mr. Lauck denies. If they are poor, he insists, it is their own fault, and it is due to wasteful, incompetent methods which they could remedy if they chose. The total waste by the railroads he places at a billion dollars a year, and he divides this staggering total among a damagingly specific list of items. The application of well-known improvements to locomotives, for instance, would save $272,000,000 a year; better operation of locomotives would save $50,000,000 more; enormous sums could be retrieved from the waste column by improvements in shop organization, in cost accounting, in buying supplies, in obsolete power plants, in preventable loss and damages. Mr. Lauck quotes an official of the Southern Pacific to the effect that "five times a minute, 300 times an hour . . . 2,592,000 times a year, an employee is lost and replaced." In other words, he says, the labor turnover of the railroads is 140 per cent. These accusations of labor, as brought by Mr. Lauck, are to the general effect that the railroads are run wastefully and inefficiently in the interest of a few financial powers, and that if the railroads chose to take up their own slack they could afford to pay labor the wages it demands for a decent standard of living.

THE election of General Wood to the headship of the University of Pennsylvania—his exact title has not yet been determined—will be received with satisfaction by many who are under no illusion as to the brand of enlightenment for which the General stood so prominently a year ago. There was a delightful frankness about the announcement that he was chosen for his administrative ability, and no nonsense about his being "a man of broad educational vision." Educational matters are to be dealt with by a subordinate. This certainly serves to clarify the situation and should convince those who have hitherto refused to be convinced that under the leadership of business men our American universities are—or are tending to be—first of all corporations having certain property to administer. The promotion of teaching and research is still, to be sure, a necessary incident in this business, but it can be attended to by minor employees, or professors hired for the purpose.

THERE still are, of course, those who remember that universities were originally groups of scholars or teachers, and who feel that for the business manager to be the head of a university is as absurd as for the business manager of a church to be the head of the church, or for the marshal of a court to be the head of the court. But the tendency of business men to subordinate everything to the ordinary view of property management seems inevitable, and there is, in any event, every advantage in a frank recognition by all concerned of what is the actual situation. In the last twenty-five years distinguished or promising scholars have been lost to science by being loaded up with the administrative duties of deanships and presidencies, and the teaching profession has been subtly demoralized by mixing it up with educational administration and giving all the prizes of the profession to those who showed executive ability. A sharper distinction between administration and teaching, such as exists in European universities, will be of great benefit to the scholarship of this country. The public also will be benefited when it learns to accommodate its mind to the fact that a college or university president is not ex officio a universal scholar, but primarily a business manager.

TO President Harding's professions of friendship for South America at the Bolivar unveiling the ratification of the treaty with Colombia was a just sequel. Who would have believed, in 1917, that Republican votes, which blocked it then, would pass the treaty practically unchanged, four years later? For the treaty is different only by the omission of a clause expressing the "regret" of the United States for what happened in Panama. Because it is practically the same treaty as Mr. Bryan's, the Democrats voted for it. Adding the Republicans who voted against the treaty to the Democrats, who can be counted on to oppose the greater part of Republican measures from now on, we find the administration in a minority of 48 Senators to 40. Some attempts have been made to read into these figures the contingency of a Republican insurrection. We do not believe the figures justify any such happy possibility. Many of the Republicans who voted against the Colombian treaty did so from exaggerated loyalty to Theodore Roosevelt, an issue that is not likely to govern them often in future votes. On the contrary, if Mr. Harding's administration can secure with ease the passage of a 99.4 per cent pure Democratic treaty, it is clearly because the Republican Senators are thoroughly domesticated.

A LITTLE-NOTICED but important move has been taken in our relations with Soviet Russia. On April 15th all United States postmasters were authorized to "accept fully prepaid unregistered letters and postcards addressed to Russia in Europe for onward transmission to destination via New York and through England." While Russia in Europe is meant to include the Ukraine, Georgia, and Azerbaijan, letters for any part of Russia,

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under Soviet control or not, are now being accepted at the regular foreign postage rates. This is a welcome lightening of the blockade, and will bring relief to thousands in this country who have not heard from friends or relations in Russia for a number of years.

A NUMBER of press reports agree that public opinion in England generally felt that the wage scales put into effect by the coal owners on April 1st were indefensible. Naturally enough the owners came forward with new proposals, which included the establishment of a national wages board, and the application of national principles to wages in each district, based on the financial condition of the industry in the respective districts. The Miners at once said that these proposals were vague and meaningless, that they were not new at all, and that in so far as they meant anything, they showed that the owners were back at their "old contention of district wage agreements." And the miners—the men at any rate—are clear in their insistence upon a national pool. With a national pool Mr. Lloyd George will have nothing to do, since to his view it would entail a renewal of government control. To this the miners answer that government control is not essential, but that a national pool can be arrived at by voluntary agreement between the miners and the owners. There are hints that Mr. Lloyd George, as usual, will manage to split the difference between the demands of each side, and that the government might agree to a sort of national wages pool, as distinct from a pool of the profits.

IN an advertisement in the New Republic of April 13th, 1921, certain statements were made by Upton Sinclair concerning a lecture on The Fallacies of the Brass Check delivered by Professor James Melvin Lee before the Brownsville Labor Forum. These were to the effect that Professor Lee had been "selected" by the Times to deliver this lecture, and that the Times had been "carefully provided in advance with clippings and quotations." To these statements Professor Lee takes violent exception and demands retraction from the editors of the New Republic. So far as the first statement is concerned, we consider it inherently absurd. Neither do Labor Forums call on the Times to "select" speakers for them nor do professors in institutions of standing permit themselves to be "selected" for propagandist use. As for the second statement, we know of no ethical reason why Professor Lee should not have provided the Times in advance with clippings and quotations, or the lecture in toto. Professor Lee says he did not, and we take his word for it.

Dr. Manning's Social Creed

IN a recent sermon which he preached at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Bishop-elect William T. Manning endorsed the protests of those laymen and clergymen who object to the application which some of the Churches have recently made of Christianity to industry. It is the "duty" of good Episcopalians, as he sees it, "to meddle as little as possible as a Church with definite political or economic issues as to which few representatives of the Churches are qualified to speak wisely." The newspaper extracts from his sermon do not tell us why he regards the application by the Anglican church of Christian principles to industry as "meddling," but it is not because industry is a human activity to which the Christian Gospel is irrelevant. For he declares in the same sermon that "if we will bring Jesus Christ into our problems, personal, social, industrial and national, we shall find their right solution." The combination of these two statements of Dr. Manning leads to a startling conclusion. If the "bringing" of Jesus Christ into "industrial problems" will result in finding the right solution, yet if at the same time few representatives of the Anglican Church are qualified to "speak wisely" on economic issues, we must infer that few representatives of the Anglican Church are capable of applying the Gospel of Jesus to the practical problems of life.

In calling attention to the disconcerting inference which follows from a combination of the two statements, we are not merely making a debating point against Dr. Manning. The discrepancy is significant. When an educated man commits himself in the same discourse to two statements which in combination demand an obnoxious conclusion, he must be the victim of a prepossession which prevents his mind from following through. There is a contradiction in his thought, which he cannot admit to himself without damage to some cherished practical interest.

Such an impediment to clear thinking exists in the mind not only of Dr. Manning but of many other Christian clergymen and laymen. When they attempt to apply the Gospel of Christ to political and economic questions, they are embarrassed by a dilemma for which they themselves are not responsible, but which they cannot face candidly except at a very heavy personal expense. They must believe, as Dr. Manning says, that the Christian Gospel provides the clue to the right conduct of political and economic affairs. If it did not provide the clue, if it were possible to segregate the business in which the great majority of people are occupied for so much of their time and to classify

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it as outside of the realm of Christian truth, either Christianity would not be a religion or religion would not reveal an inclusive way of life. Yet as a matter of fact the political and economic activities of the modern industrial community are conducted with only the most occasional and remote regard for Christian truth. Politics is fundamentally a matter of power and business a matter of self-interest. Politicians and business men, while they usually call themselves good Christians and pray to a God who is Father of Jesus Christ, ignore the Christian Gospels in the conduct of their affairs. If a group of men who are trained to interpret the Gospels seek to advise them in the conduct of industry or government or object to their existing practices, they regard it as mischievous "meddling." No politician or business man would think of consulting with clergymen about the policies he ought to adopt. The function of the clergy, as he sees it, is to bathe in the odor of sanctity institutions and enterprises whose nature laymen have determined on wholly secular grounds.

Dr. Manning in the sermon from which we have quoted reflects the consequences of this anomalous situation. As a Christian he was bound to believe that, if business men conducted their affairs according to the light of Christian truth, they could deal rightly with the human problems of industry. Yet as a man of the world he knew that in the opinion and according to the practices of the great majority of business men, clergymen ought not to "meddle" in questions of business policy and that when they do "meddle" they do not "speak wisely." He regarded the business man's opinion of clerical meddling as more important and more true than the clergyman's view of the present conduct of industry. If the spokesmen of Christianity could not from a business man's point of view "speak wisely" about "economic issues," their lack of wisdom was mischievous and deserved rebuke at his hands. But it never occurred to him that perhaps the inability of "the representatives of the Church" to "speak wisely" about "economic issues" was due not so much to the foolishness of his fellow clergymen as to the past negligence of the Church in permitting industry to depart so far from Christian truth and yet to remain complacently self-righteous.

To be sure Dr. Manning and the business men whose point of view he wishes to prevail in the Church will not admit that the conduct and organization of industry ignores the light of Christian truth. The aggressive anti-union business man, as they see him, is waging a war against a malevolent faction which seeks to undermine industrial efficiency and social security. They resent fiercely any meddling by the church which embarrasses them in calling down on their opponents the wrath of God. They would echo Mr. W. Frew Long, the Vice-President of the Pittsburgh Employers' Association, in declaring "I should feel very badly to have to withdraw from the Presbyterian Church, but just at this moment I cannot do otherwise if that Church is supporting morally or financially an organization [the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America] which I believe with all my soul is through its various activities giving aid and comfort to men and organizations who would destroy our government, to say nothing of their activities in bringing about an industrial order which I believe to be unjust and unfair to both employer and employee." Inasmuch as "hundreds of thousands of honest Christian employers take a stand on the righteousness of an industrial propaganda" very different from that of the Y. W. C. A. or the Federal Council, those organizations should follow the prudent example of the Y. M. C. A. in Pittsburgh and confine their "activities" to the "zone of agreement" between capital and labor.

All this is important so far as true. Hundreds of thousands of employers who attend Christian Churches do not accept the "social creed of the Churches" so-called and would consider it undesirable for religious associations to proclaim as essentially Christian any conviction on economic questions which is now a matter of controversy between wage-earners and their employers. Many of them would, like Mr. W. Frew Long, withdraw from a church which presumed to deprive their methods of conducting business or dealing with their employees of the odor of sanctity. If the Christian Churches continue to meddle in industrial questions and if their meddling consists in uttering words which seem far from "wise" to clergymen like Dr. Manning and laymen like Mr. Long, they will undoubtedly suffer from the secession of many excellent and worthy church-going business men.

Yet how can they stop meddling if it be true, as Dr. Manning says, that we shall find the right solution of personal, social, industrial and national problems by bringing Jesus Christ into them? Every Christian who believes in the Gospel of Jesus as among other things the revelation of a way of life in this world must be as eager as Dr. Manning is to apply the salutary truth of their religion not merely to the "zone of agreement" between capital and labor which measures precisely two by four, but to the far more spacious and significant zone of disagreement. The majority of Christians have usually looked upon their religion as possessed of a specific genius for the cure of disagreements. Still, the class controversies between capital and

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labor impose on them a difficult choice. If they apply Christian truth only to the "zone of agreement" in industrial relationships, they exclude from its province practically the whole of the most important contemporary secular activity. But if they insist on acting as if Christian truth were relevant to "economic issues" they utter from the business man's point of view foolish words and provoke good Presbyterians like Mr. W. Frew Long to threaten one more schism in the Church. They would encourage him to start, perhaps, a new sect the chief article of whose creed would be to apply Christianity to industry only with the approval of the Pittsburgh Employers' Association.

The dilemma is sufficiently important and sufficiently radical to demand of all sincere Christians the searching of their consciences. It is not the spacious and significant zone of disagreement between capital and labor which creates the difficulty of applying Christianity to industry. It is the spacious and significant zone of disagreement among sincere and respectable Christians as to the meaning of Christianity and as to the social consequences and responsibilities of a Christian way of life. Business men like Mr. W. Frew Long consider Christianity entirely compatible with an industrial system which functions from the sources of individual and class self-interest. On the other hand the Report of the Committee on the War and the Industrial Outlook finds the excessive dependence on these motives un-Christian. It declares "The trouble with economic competition, and the element in it which makes it un-Christian is the *supremacy* of the motive of self-interest." Or in the words of the report of the "Archbishop's Committee on the Church and Industrial Problems," "The system itself makes it extremely difficult to carry into practice the principles of Christianity. . . . . The solution of the industrial problem involves in short not merely the improvement of individuals, but a fundamental change in the spirit of the industrial system itself." But the Christians who wish to act upon this interpretation of Christian truth as applied to industry are embarrassed by two grave difficulties. The first is the connivance of the Christian Churches throughout many generations at the abuses of industrialism and the consequent inability of millions of good Christians to adjust themselves suddenly to the discovery. The second is the failure of the reformers to indicate how they propose to substitute for the motivation of self-interest the more Christian motive of the realization of human personality. Of these difficulties the second is much the more serious. How do they propose to bring about this "fundamental change in the spirit of the industrial system?"

"Words About Words"

OBSERVERS who had never heard or read President Harding before the nineteenth of this month would be excusable if they puzzled their heads over the speech he made in New York on that day. The occasion was the unveiling of a statue of General Simon Bolivar, given to New York by Venezuela. Here, these observers might be forgiven for supposing, was a subject that offered no special difficulties either to an orator who had something or to an orator who had nothing to say. Yet President Harding's difficulty was so considerable that his speech might leave those who heard him for the first time in some doubt into which of these oratorical classes to put him. Looking at the embarrassed gait of his sentences, they might have guessed him to be handicapped by his "imaginary obligation" to treat the political history of North America and the political history of South America as more alike than they have been in reality.

Observers to whom President Harding's mental processes are already an old story, who have been reading or hearing him from June, 1920, to April, 1921, are aware that such a conjecture would be a mistake. The gait of his sentences in the Bolivar speech was due to no cause special to the occasion. Only at one point did he become consciously wary. Only once, in our opinion, was he face to face with a topic which presented itself as a difficulty. Impossible to discourse upon General Bolivar and General Washington without saying something about Revolution, and Revolution is a word that has lost caste. Our own Revolution is still sacred. The South American Revolutions, particularly those that happened a long time ago, are not objectionable. Even the French Revolution, although it was not free from certain excesses, although it did include that Reign of Terror during which the gods were athirst for blood, was until the other day a safe topic enough. Until the other day Revolution was one of the safest words in the language. It was a word to conjure with. But recent events in Russia have instilled doubts into the least sceptical among American speech-making minds. Revolution as they see it in Russia has been not so much guilty of occasional excesses as in itself one prolonged and monstrous excess. Recent Russian history, all the more terrifying because not accurately known, has turned Revolution into a word of fear, unpleasing to the statesman's ear. President Harding was manifestly and most uncomfortably aware that the word has lost its innocence. How was he to say Revolution as if it were its old harm-

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less and noble self? How to avoid saying it? Seeing the difficulty he sought and found a way of eluding it. "It is fine," he said of our American Revolutions, South and North, "it is fine to be able to say that the New World triumphs of liberty were not wrought in the destruction of the old. We speak historically of revolution when in reality we mean severance and freedom for evolution." To one who did not know there had been a revolution or two in Russia this glimpse of President Harding would be as surprising as the sight of a staid family horse, shying solemnly at an object he had trotted past, unperturbed, scores of times.

But the oddest result of President Harding's visit to New York, and of the speech he made there, has been the attempt of various persons, serious politicians and grave newspaper men, to discover a meaning in his words. "Having sacrificed in arms to establish the human inheritance belonging to every man, the American republics may well touch elbows and prove their unselfishness, and show to mankind that righteous achievement does not mean destruction, individual or national, but that real victory lies in that human progress wherein every contender, individual or national, may share it whoever may merit it"—to study the author of such a sentence, in the hope of finding a trace of intent, would but for one circumstance be a strange occupation for an adult. Yet because of this circumstance, because Mr. Harding happens to be President, such a hope is worth pursuing. For surely the day will come when even he, although the speech delivered on that day may sound as vacant and misty as usual, will utter a few sentences that do adumbrate, however cloudily, a decision made by the President of the United States, a thing the President means to do. Unless we search the meaningless speeches for what is not there we shall miss the speech, so like the others in its sound and uncertainty, which contains something it behoves us all to know.

At no time since the United States came into existence has it been desirable that our President should be a man whose public utterances read almost as well backwards as forwards, and in many of whose sentences the words can be transposed without adding to or subtracting from their significance. Just now, when more human beings in more parts of the world than ever before are looking to the United States for light and help, the confusion of President Harding's mental and verbal operations is unfortunate. Men and women in all countries look and listen, and he is so constituted that they cannot tell what meaning his words have, or whether any. "Perhaps our greatest tribute lies in noting the world war wearied, but more free than ever before, and resolving in our hearts that where liberty inspires, peace and justice are the supreme fulfilment." Foreigners turn to our President, wistfully, hopefully, and he says to them things like this! For one of the most critical epochs we have chosen our least intelligible man. Unless we appoint some one to revise his speeches, some one who can first distinguish between the passages whose function is to substitute words for total silence and the passages which are intended to announce a decision and disclose a plan; and who can then put the latter into clear English, this unintelligiblity may one day prove disastrous. And on that that day the founding fathers, sitting aloft in high heaven, will be sorry for their floundering descendants.

The Principle of Yap

BEFORE President Wilson returned from Paris to explain the Treaty, how many Americans had ever heard of the island of Yap? Of the few who knew of its existence, how many assigned the least importance to it? The island had for years been in the possession of Germany, but nobody ever wrote a diatribe on the menace of the Kaiser's control of it. Not even in the height of the war fever did anyone declare: At last Yap will be liberated from autocratic rule. But now that Japan asserts ownership of Yap by right of conquest and the assent of the Allied Powers, we find ourselves deeply concerned. The question of Yap has assumed the importance of an international issue vital to the two great Powers of the Pacific. Japan has already gone so far in the assertion of her claim, and we have gone so far in disputing it, that one Power or the other will have to back down and acknowledge a diplomatic defeat that may figure prominently in future histories of American-Japanese relations.

In itself the possession of Yap by one nation or another is a matter of no great importance. The island is devoid of economic resources. Its strategic value is negligible; to develop it into a naval and coaling station would be impracticable. It is a convenient station for transpacific cables, and the nation holding it might theoretically exercise a certain control over the transmission of messages. Germany, however, was never accused of exercising such control in time of peace, nor could Japan exercise it without incurring disproportionately heavy costs in the way of commercial reprisals. As for cable control in time of war, possession would signify little to Japan, because no other Power is likely to be strong enough in those waters to prevent

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Japan from seizing Yap if it would be to her interest to do so.

We are not arguing that our government ought to withdraw its opposition to Japanese possession. The American position is, we believe, absolutely sound. An island whose only practical value is derived from its function as a station for cables of various national ownership and performing an international service ought clearly to be placed under international control. The sooner all the machinery of the international public services is internationalized the better. But after all, there is no world-wide movement for such internationalization, and our own government would be slow to assume leadership in it. The internationalization of Yap, as an isolated fact, is not important enough in itself to justify the expenditure of much diplomatic ink.

It is from altogether different considerations that the question of Yap derives its significance. What is involved is a farreaching principle of policy, the Japanese Monroe Doctrine, so called. It is the fixed intention of the Japanese ruling class that the influence of Japan shall be recognized as paramount through all the waters of eastern and southeastern Asia. If Japan can compass it, every transaction of international significance on the coast of Asia and the adjacent islands, is to require the consent of Japan. Just as the United States refrains from interfering with existing European colonies in American waters, but would protest against any transfer of sovereignty without her consent, so Japan means to refrain from interfering with existing colonial possessions and spheres of influence in her quarter of the world, but means to determine the succession to such rights in her own national interest. Suppose that England proposed to transfer New Providence Island in the Bahamas to Switzerland—which would amount to the same thing as internationalizing it. Would we consent to the transfer? Not without violent protests. Why then should we refuse to concede a similar right to Japan in the analogous case of Yap?

But is the case exactly analogous, after all? Does the Japanese "Monroe Doctrine" possess, or should it possess the same validity in international policy as the American doctrine? That Americans would be slow to concede. The conditions of eastern Asia and of the Americas are too widely dissimilar to admit of the hasty application of political analogies.

Both the American and the Japanese doctrines rest chiefly upon military considerations. From the Monroe doctrine the United States gains somewhat in defensive power. Mexico as a German colony might have been dangerous to us in the late war; so also might the territories bordering the Caribbean and the West Indies. So far as offensive power is concerned, the United States gains practically nothing. We have never contemplated the organization of the resources of the countries to the south of us for use against an enemy overseas. The project would be too fantastic for consideration.

The Japanese "Monroe Doctrine" may be admitted to be strictly analogous on the defensive side. On the offensive it stands on quite another footing. The recognition of the Japanese claim would be equivalent to turning China over to Japanese political exploitation—at least until China develops a resistant nationalism, if she ever does develop it. And China is incomparably the greatest reservoir of man power in the world. With China controlled and organized for industrial and military uses, Japan would in a few decades become the mistress of the whole Pacific. The United States would have enough to do to defend her own shores.

Naturally the United States contemplates for eastern Asia another future than that of the world's greatest military empire. She contemplates the evolution of China into a strong independent republic; the steady growth in power of the Russian population in eastern Siberia; independence for Cochin China and Burmah and the East Indian islands, if ever European sovereignty lapses; an independent India if the British retire. Not one great empire, but the creation of a whole series of independent states cooperating peacefully in carrying forward Oriental civilization, so long darkened by Occidental aggression, must be the object of American policy, if America is conscious of her national interest and solicitous about the peace of the Pacific.

Such a conflict of policy does not necessarily involve national hostility. Harmony between the two Powers of the Pacific may be maintained indefinitely, but only through the skilful handling of each practical issue as it comes up. In the end the opposing views of America and Japan may be reconciled in a settlement which leaves Japan the hegemony of the East which her geographical situation demands without the aggressive military power that she would gain if she developed her policy without opposition. If Japanese policy were permitted to take its own course, sooner or later a struggle for the mastery of the Pacific might be inevitable. That is what lends a quite disproportionate importance to the question of Yap. It is a move in a game which will not be played to an end for decades. It is a small move, but one capable of gaining cumulative significance with time.

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One Condition of Effective Disarmament

IN the newspapers and in Congress there has been much discussion recently about the desirability of disarmament and the best means of bringing it about. The man who started the discussion was Senator Borah, the ablest and most resolute among the irreconcilable opponents of American participation in the League of Nations. But the support which he has received has come chiefly from newspapers, such as the New York World and Evening Post, which were strongly in favor of the American ratification of the Treaty of Versailles. In general those Americans who are urging the immediate importance of disarmament belong to the group who ignored the errors, the vindictiveness, and the bad faith of the Treaty and considered that document a desirable legal foundation for the future peace of the world. At present they are using their influence in favor both of disarmament and of the ratification and the execution of the Treaty. In our opinion the two policies are contradictory. As long as the Treaty of Versailles remains the foundation of the public law of Europe it is as vain to expect effective disarmament as it was to expect it when the Treaty of Vienna determined the relations one to another of the Powers of Europe.

By calling attention to the incompatibility between executing the Treaty of Versailles and expecting the world to disarm, we are not disparaging the proposed negotiation with Japan and Great Britain for a limitation of naval armaments. It is possible, if not probable, that the governments of these three countries can reach an agreement to restrict the building of capital ships which under subsequently favorable conditions might constitute the first step in the direction of general and permanent disarmament. The American government should open negotiations for such an agreement. But in that case it becomes a matter of the utmost importance to bring into existence the "subsequently favorable conditions" and so prevent a relapse into the mad waste of competition for naval supremacy. The standards of international behavior established by the Treaty of Versailles will render the general conditions of international politics hostile to disarmament.

The presupposition of disarmament is that nations feel enough confidence in their fair treatment by other nations to count in the event of disagreements upon a conciliatory discussion of the issue and its impartial adjustment or adjudication under some jointly accepted rule. It implies the will and the means to base international government on consent. This implication has no reality in the world of today. It can have none under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles and under the dictatorship of the Supreme Allied Council. The victorious nations in their dealings with the vanquished nations have subordinated all other laws to one supreme law, the law of force. Those nations which were disarmed and lacked power of resistance were ruthlessly coerced in so far as they refused to submit to the will of the victors. But the nations which retained some feeble power of fighting and used it to resist the dictates of the Supreme Council have fared better than they otherwise would. At no time in the history of the world has armament seemed more indissolubly associated with national independence and self-respect than it has under the existing government of Europe.

Take the case of Germany. She is for all practical purposes completely disarmed and is enjoying all the advantages in the way of economy and demilitarization which disarmament can produce. She is the first great and economically powerful nation in the history of the world which has ever disarmed. It might have been supposed that considering she surrendered her arms on condition that she be treated in certain specific ways fairly and considerately, the victors would have shown themselves scrupulous to vindicate in their policy towards Germany their own pretentions to higher standards of international behavior. Instead they have taken the utmost advantage of the helplessness of the German people. Disagreements they have almost always decided in their own favor, irrespective of the terms of the armistice, and then driven home their decisions by force. They are now invading Germany for the purpose of exacting payments in money and kind which the German nation considers itself physically unable to deliver and which, if delivered, would injure the victor as much as the victim.

On the other hand take the cases of Russia and Turkey. The Supreme Council was just as willing to ignore the wishes and interests of the Russian people as it was to ignore the wishes and interests of the German people. It despatched armies and supplies to Russia and allowed them to be used by emigrés who would have destroyed the Revolution and set up in its place a military dictatorship. If Russia had disarmed as Germany did, they would have succeeded. But she did not disarm. The Soviet government put up a stubborn resistance to the Kolchaks, Denikins and Wrangels who represented in Russia the policy of the Supreme Council of the victors, and in the end it conquered. Russia is consequently being let alone and its government is even obtaining a measure

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of recognition from some of its former enemies. Something similar happened to Turkey. If she had been incapable of resistance, the Turkish people would have had nothing to say about the Treaty which determined their future status. But they could still fight a little, and by fighting the ragged armies of Kemal Pasha have won for their nations a larger measure of consideration than the victors have granted to helpless Austria and Germany. We may feel sure that the meaning of this lesson is not lost upon the peoples of Europe. The penalty of disarmament, as they very well know, is to have your interests and wishes spurned and your national life threatened with extinction.

Those Americans who favor disarmament should attack the roots of the tree of militarism instead of trying to cut off the leaves with their scissors. The policies of the victors, as embodied in the Treaties of Versailles and St. Germain and in the penalties which are exacted for failure to carry out these instruments, are policies and penalties which call for the continued armament of the victors and which breed in the minds of the vanquished an overwhelming craving for armed self-protection. These treaties render general and progressive disarmament inconceivable. They are based on the present and future possession by the victors of an irresistible armed force and on the corresponding helplessness, indignation and instability of the vanquished. The only fundamental way to approach the problem of disarmament is to seek the revision and the amelioration of the treaties. They were born of the psychology and the morality of war, and as long as they last they will render pacification, disarmament, confidence and cooperation among nations vain words.

The lesson of the recent events from the point of view of an American who wishes to bring about disarmament and ultimate pacification is surely clear. War has again broken out in Europe. France and Great Britain are using force in order to obtain from Germany consent to demands which the German people of their own free will unanimously reject. The Treaty has provoked this demonstration of force without providing any remedy for it. When Germany appeals to the League of Nations, she is told that the League which was framed to prevent war has no power to mediate in the existing war. That is true. But what a commentary it is upon the League as an agency of European peace. The existing war has not as yet caused any bloodshed, but unless statesmen can work out some means of quieting the feud in which it originated, it will inevitably breed bloodshed and war and then more bloodshed and more war. The League by its own admission cannot deal with the existing quarrel between nations, which, if it is not adjusted with the consent of both parties, is certain to bring about a future war.

They must fall back on other and more effective means. If they wish to vindicate disarmament, they should take care that the nations which are trying the experiment of disarming are considerately treated. The American nation has the power not merely of mediating between the victors and the vanquished but by its mediation really to deprive the victors of their chief motive and reason for ruthlessly imposing their demands on the vanquished. It can use its resources of credit to scale down the swollen liabilities, the burden of which threatens to be so ruinous to Europe. It can, but at present it will not. One reason why it will not is that the Americans who feel most keenly the national responsibility to Europe and wish to intervene are committed to a policy of ratifying in toto the war-provoking document and thus of embroiling America in the feud which she is able and should be willing to pacify. Their attitude instigates other Americans to oppose any intervention as a dangerous entanglement of America in European quarrels. But she is not limited to a selection between these two profoundly dubious alternatives. She can intervene as a disinterested friendly and powerful third party. She can accelerate pacification and disarmament by making such intervention contribute to the revision of the Treaty and so to the eradication of the most urgent motives of the European nations for quarrelling and arming. Whether she will ever do so depends largely upon the ability of those Americans who believe in the need of a positive American contribution to pacification and disarmament to relinquish a policy of partizan intervention and substitute a policy of disinterested mediation in the interest of a new, more conciliatory and more humane handling of the issues and consequences of the Great War.

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The Class Struggle in a Ball-Room

WHILE workers in the building trades were engaged in strikes against wage cuts throughout the Eastern states, the clothing manufacturers of Rochester and leaders of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers met in the ball-room of the Powers Hotel last week to settle by discussion the question of a wage cut.

The clothing manufacturers of Rochester asked for a wage cut of twenty-five per cent and a number of minor adjustments. The Rochester Joint Board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers refused by unanimous vote to accept the cut. Under ordinary industrial arrangements a strike or lock-out would have been declared lasting for several months. The cost to both sides would have been enormous and mutual understanding could not have been reestablished for several years.

But the Amalgamated in Rochester has an agreement with the manufacturers which reads:

> Upon the petition of either party the Labor Adjustment Board shall have the power to determine whether important changes have taken place within the clothing industry or in industrial conditions generally which warrant changes in general wage levels; and that, if it is decided that such changes are warranted, negotiations shall begin between the parties.

The manufacturers presented their claim that industrial changes justified a wage revision. The impartial chairman, Dr. William M. Leiserson, decided that sufficient changes had taken place to justify the opening of the whole question to discussion. He called a public hearing at which the union was represented by Sidney Hillman, Leo Wolman and staff, and the manufacturers were represented by Willard Hotchkiss, Le Roy Snyder, Meyer Jacobstein and Samuel Weill.

At a long table before a gilt-framed mirror sat the "judge" flanked by Hillman, Hotchkiss and their staffs. The atmosphere was neither solemn nor dramatic. The "public" was there in abundance, pointing to the celebrities and whispering. The speakers were genial, indulging in frequent banter. The statisticians laughed at each other's figures knowingly. The manufacturers proved that two and two make five. The union clearly established the fact that two and two make three. When it was all through the impartial chairman rose and asked, "Now how'd you like my job?"

On the right of the ball-room sat fifty shop chairmen and union committee-men, the most attentive listeners of all. Many of them had been released from the shops with full pay from the union in order that they might see how this industrial government of theirs was working. On the left sat the manufacturers with their human engineers, the labor managers.

The manufacturers presented their arguments first. A great depression has hit American industry. The clothing manufacturers face a financial crisis. The public stopped buying clothes and the owners were forced to liquidate. The purchasing power of the farmers has been cut in two. You cannot sell clothes to people unless they have money. It is all right to argue that people must have clothes anyway, but if consumers did not buy more than enough clothes for the minimum of warmth and decency, half the clothing factories in America would shut down.

In the manufacture of clothing every material except wages has gone down. The cost of living has gone down fifteen per cent. Most important of all, "the clothing industry of Rochester for the current spring season has on its books orders aggregating forty per cent of the orders which it recorded a year ago last spring." It is true that 1920 was an exceptional year but this substantial reduction must be taken into account.

The reply of the union was ably handled by Sidney Hillman and Dr. Leo Wolman. The worst of the depression is over. A business revival has begun in textiles, machinery, automobile accessories, furs, shoes, food products, confectionery, lumber and, most important of all, in the men's clothing industry itself. Why penalize the workers for a depression that is past when they have already paid so heavily for it in unemployment? The general wage level in Rochester clothing factories has not been raised since December, 1919. A wage rise was denied to the union by the impartial chairman last summer on the ground that it might injure the prosperity of the market, although the chairman admitted that Rochester workers were morally entitled to an increase. Rochester workers are still paid less than the clothing workers in other markets.

"The total cumulative increase of official changes in wage rates in this market from 1914 to date amounts roughly to 71 per cent." From December, 1914, to December, 1919, the cost of living increased roughly 100 per cent. The wages have not been officially changed since December, 1919, and the cost of living in December, 1920, was al-

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most the same as the cost of living in December, 1919. It is true that the unofficial increases in wages in the Rochester market have been much more than 71 per cent. But why shouldn't they be? That is what unions are for. The union will never admit that the workers were getting a living wage to begin with. The workers will never be content unless they can constantly raise their standard of living. The manufacturers cannot use the cost of living argument unless they start with a proper wage in the first place and unless they take into account the fact that the workers in the past lived on low wages while the cost of living was going up.

A. I. Pearlman, manager of the Rochester Joint Board of the clothing workers summed up the unemployment argument in these words:

"Unemployment has already cut the wages of our members 20 to 30 per cent and we have no guarantee for the future. The same employers who paid us lower wages than other clothing workers received came to us and said, 'We hate to do it, but we will have to lay you off indefinitely.' We got no reward for our patience and consideration. We walked the streets for months while our families approached the border line of starvation. Our savings are gone: thousands of us are in debt, and now the employers come to us and say, 'You are getting outrageously high wages and they must be reduced.'

"When the opportunity came to us to take advantage of the prosperity of the market for the sake of our own wages, we were fair enough to make unparalleled concessions. The result has been that Rochester is one of the most prosperous clothing markets in the United States. . . .

"If a worker has been receiving thirty-two dollars a week, which is about the average wage in the Rochester market, and he is reduced twenty-five per cent, he will then receive twenty-four dollars a week for the days on which he is employed. But if he is unemployed for four months of the coming year his actual average wage would be only $16.61 a week. That is what the demand of the manufacturers means if we have four months unemployment this year."

The "public" looked on with satisfaction. It was not only a fine display of the refinements of the class struggle. Both sides called it "government in industry." "We are in this agreement to stay," said Mr. Hillman, "and we will respect the rights of the manufacturers and abide by any decision that is filed. . . . All we seek is a verdict based on the facts." The manufacturers echoed the same thought in almost the same words. There will be no strike or lockout in Rochester's clothing industry this year. That much is tangible and immensely worth while.

Meanwhile a singularly able impartial chairman is faced with a singularly difficult task. It is the task of educating the losing side to understand his decision. If he decides in favor of a wage reduction, he must make his reasons clear to ten thousand clothing workers who have seen their brothers in the building trades go on strike rather than accept a wage cut. If he decides in favor of the workers he must meet the attacks of critics who have already denounced him for his fearless exposure of the New York manufacturers.

Win or lose, the task of educating the workers is the most difficult because their most important question is still unanswered. Is the clothing industry of Rochester able to pay the present wage scale? The workers say it is. The manufacturers do not deny it specifically, but they plead straitened circumstances. The question can be answered only by an exhaustive analysis of the books of the companies. These books are open to the impartial chairman but they are not open to the workers in general. Competitive conditions make this kind of publicity impossible. Wage facts are public property. Profit facts are private property. Whatever the facts may be, it will be hard to persuade ten thousand clothing workers that a reduction in wages is necessary unless definite figures of profits can be placed before them in a popularized form. Even when general statements concerning profits are made by impartial authorities, the workers have little confidence in them. They have confused but very positive notions about watered stock and concealed reserve funds. They will never entirely believe the manufacturer's figures of production costs and profits until they have at least a share in the financial end of the business. Why should they? Bitter experience has taught them to suspect every "confidential" fact of industrial as well as international diplomacy. The suspicion is an inherent part of an industrial system operated for private profit.

As I walked out of the ball room I overheard two workers from the coat shops:

"I have been in a tailor shop for twenty-two years and I never thought I'd see the day when we could stand up and tell the bosses all we wanted to tell them. This is great stuff. I used to work from seven to eight—not seven to eight in the morning—and if we kicked in those days, we got fired."

And another, "This thing 'll never last. What's the use of trying to prove to the bosses that we're a good union? Who in hell cares for a good union anyway?"

PAUL BLANSHARD.

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Victoria and Prince Albert

[This is the sixth of a series of eleven articles, taken from Lytton Strachey's Life of Queen Victoria, which are now appearing in The New Republic.]

ALBERT had foreseen that his married life would not be all plain sailing; but he had by no means realized the gravity and the complication of the difficulties which he would have to face. Politically, he was a cipher. Lord Melbourne was not only Prime Minister, he was in effect the Private Secretary of the Queen, and thus accaparated the whole of the political existence of the Sovereign. A Queen's husband was an entity unknown to the British Constitution. In state affairs there seemed to be no place for him; nor was Victoria herself at all unwilling that this should be so. "The English," she had told the Prince, when, during their engagement, a proposal had been made to give him a Peerage, "are very jealous of any foreigner interfering in the government of this country, and have already in some of the papers expressed a hope that you would not interfere. Now, though I know you never would, still, if you were a Peer, they would all say, the Prince meant to play a political part." "I know you never would!" In reality, she was not quite so certain; but she wished Albert to understand her views. He would, she hoped, make a perfect husband; but, as for governing the country, he would see that she and Lord M. between them could manage that very well, without his help.

But it was not only in politics that the Prince discovered that the part cut out for him was a negligible one. Even as a husband, he found, his functions were to be of an extremely limited kind. Over the whole of Victoria's private life the Baroness reigned supreme; and she had not the slightest intention of allowing that supremacy to be diminished by one iota. Since the accession, her power had greatly increased. Besides the undefined and enormous influence which she exercised through her management of the Queen's private correspondence, she was now the superintendent of the Royal Establishment and controlled the important office of Privy Purse. Albert very soon perceived that he was not master in his own house. Every detail of his own and his wife's existence was supervised by a third person: nothing could be done until the consent of Lehzen had first been obtained. And Victoria, who adored Lehzen with unabated intensity, saw nothing in all this that was wrong.

Nor was the Prince happier in his social surroundings. A shy young foreigner, awkward in ladies' company, unexpansive and self-opinionated, it was improbable that, in any circumstances, he would have been a society success. His appearance, too, was against him. Though in the eyes of Victoria he was the mirror of manly beauty, her subjects, whose eyes were of a less Teutonic cast, did not agree with her. To them—and particularly to the high-born ladies and gentlemen who naturally saw him most—what was immediately and distressingly striking in Albert's face and figure and whole demeanor was his un-English look. His features were regular, no doubt, but there was something smooth and smug about them; he was tall, but he was clumsily put together, and he walked with a slight slouch. Really, they thought, this youth was more like some kind of foreign tenor than anything else. These were serious disadvantages; but the line of conduct which the Prince adopted from the first moment of his arrival was far from calculated to dispel them. Owing partly to a natural awkwardness, partly to a fear of undue familiarity, and partly to a desire to be absolutely correct, his manners were infused with an extraordinary stiffness and formality. Whenever he appeared in company, he seemed to be surrounded by a thick hedge of prickly etiquette. He never went out into ordinary society; he never walked in the streets of London; he was invariably accompanied by an equerry when he rode or drove. He wanted to be irreproachable and, if that involved friendlessness, it could not be helped. Besides, he had no very high opinion of the English. So far as he could see, they cared for nothing but fox-hunting and Sunday observances; they oscillated between an undue frivolity and an undue gloom; if you spoke to them of friendly joyousness they stared; and they did not understand either the Laws of Thought or the wit of a German University. Since it was clear that with such people he could have very little in common, there was no reason whatever for relaxing in their favor the rules of etiquette. In strict privacy, he could be natural and charming; Seymour and Anson were devoted to him, and he returned their affection; but they were subordinates—the receivers of his confidences and the agents of his will. From the support and the solace of true companionship he was utterly cut off.

A friend, indeed, he had—or rather, a Mentor. The Baron, established once more in the royal residences, was determined to work with as whole-

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hearted a detachment for the Prince's benefit as, more than twenty years before, he had worked for his uncle's. The situations then and now, similar in many respects, were yet full of differences. Perhaps in either case the difficulties to be encountered were equally great; but the present problem was the more complex and the more interesting. The young doctor who, unknown and insignificant, had nothing at the back of him but his own wits and the friendship of an unimportant Prince, had been replaced by the accomplished confidant of Kings and Ministers, ripe in years, in reputation, and in the wisdom of a vast experience. It was possible for him to treat Albert with something of the affectionate authority of a father; but, on the other hand, Albert was no Leopold. As the Baron was very well aware, he had none of his uncle's rigidity of ambition, none of his overweening impulse to be personally great. He was virtuous and well-intentioned; he was clever and well-informed; but he took no interest in politics, and there were no signs that he possessed any commanding force of character. Left to himself, he would almost certainly have subsided into a high-minded nonentity, an aimless dilletante busy over culture, a palace appendage without influence or power. But he was not left to himself: Stockmar saw to that. Forever at his pupil's elbow, the hidden Baron pushed him forward, with tireless pressure, along the path which had been trod by Leopold so many years ago. But this time, the goal at the end of it was something more than the mediocre royalty that Leopold had reached. The prize which Stockmar, with all the energy of disinterested devotion, had determined should be Albert's was a tremendous prize indeed.

The beginning of the undertaking proved to be the most arduous part of it. Albert was easily dispirited: what was the use of struggling to perform in a rôle which bored him and which, it was quite clear, nobody but the dear good Baron had any desire that he should take up? It was simpler, and it saved a great deal of trouble, to let things slide. But Stockmar would not have it. Incessantly, he harped upon two strings—Albert's sense of duty and his personal pride. Had the Prince forgotten the noble aims to which his life was to be devoted? And was he going to allow himself, his wife, his family, his whole existence, to be governed by Baroness Lehzen? The latter consideration was a potent one. Albert had never been accustomed to giving way; and now, more than ever before, it would be humiliating to do so. Not only was he constantly exasperated by the position of the Baroness in the royal household; there was another and a still more serious cause of complaint. He was, he knew very well, his wife's intellectual superior, and yet he found, to his intense annoyance, that there were parts of her mind over which he exercised no influence. When, urged on by the Baron, he attempted to discuss politics with Victoria, she eluded the subject, drifted into generalities, and then began to talk of something else. She was treating him as she had once treated their uncle Leopold. When at last he protested, she replied that her conduct was merely the result of indolence; that when she was with *him* she could not bear to bother her head with anything so dull as politics. The excuse was worse than the fault: was he the wife and she the husband? It almost seemed so. But the Baron declared that the root of the mischief was Lehzen: that it was she who encouraged the Queen to have secrets; who did worse—undermined the natural ingenuousness of Victoria, and induced her to give, unconsciously no doubt, false reasons to explain away her conduct.

Minor disagreements made matters worse. The royal couple differed in their tastes. Albert, brought up in a regime of Spartan simplicity and early hours, found the great court functions intolerably wearisome, and was invariably observed to be nodding on the sofa at half-past ten; while the Queen's favorite form of enjoyment was to dance through the night, and then, going out into the portico of the Palace, watch the sun rise behind St. Paul's and the towers of Westminster. She loved London and he detested it. It was only in Windsor that he felt he could really breathe; but Windsor too had its terrors: though during the day there he could paint and walk and play on the piano, after dinner black tedium descended like a pall. He would have liked to summon distinguished scientific and literary men to his presence, and after ascertaining their views upon various points of art and learning, to set forth his own; but unfortunately Victoria "had no fancy to encourage such people"; knowing that she was unequal to taking a part in their conversation, she insisted that the evening routine should remain unaltered; the regulation interchange of platitudes with official persons was followed as usual by the round table and the books of engravings, while the Prince, with one of his attendants, played game after game of double chess.

It was only natural that in so peculiar a situation, in which the elements of power, passion, and pride were so strangely apportioned, there should have been occasionally something more than mere irritation—a struggle of angry wills. Victoria, no more than Albert, was in the habit of playing second fiddle. Her arbitrary temper flashed out. Her vitality, her obstinacy, her overweening sense

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of her own position, might well have beaten down before them his superiorities and his rights. But she fought at a disadvantage; she was, in very truth, no longer her own mistress; a profound preoccupation dominated her, seizing upon her inmost purposes for its own extraordinary ends. She was madly in love. The details of those curious battles are unknown to us; but Prince Ernest, who remained in England with his brother for some months, noted them with a friendly and startled eye. One story indeed survives, ill-authenticated and perhaps mythical, yet summing up, as such stories often do, the central facts of the case. When, in wrath, the Prince one day had locked himself into his room, Victoria, no less furious, knocked on the door to be admitted. "Who is there?" he asked. "The Queen of England," was the answer. He did not move, and again there was a hail of knocks. The question and the answer were repeated many times; but at last there was a pause, and then a gentler knocking. "Who is there?" came once more the relentless question. But this time the reply was different. "Your wife, Albert." And the door was immediately opened.

Very gradually, the Prince's position changed. He began to find the study of politics less uninteresting than he had supposed; he read Blackstone, and took lessons in English law; he was occasionally present when the Queen interviewed her Ministers; and at Lord Melbourne's suggestion he was shown all the despatches relating to Foreign Affairs. Sometimes he would commit his views to paper, and read them aloud to the Prime Minister, who, infinitely kind and courteous, listened with attention, but seldom made any reply. An important step was taken when, before the birth of the Princess Royal, the Prince, without any opposition in Parliament, was appointed Regent in case of the death of the Queen. Stockmar, owing to whose intervention with the Tories this happy result had been brought about, now felt himself at liberty to take a holiday with his family in Coburg; but his solicitude, poured out in innumerable letters, still watched over his pupil from afar. "Dear Prince," he wrote, "I am satisfied with the news you have sent me. Mistakes, misunderstandings, obstructions, which come in vexatious opposition to one's views, are always to be taken for just what they are—namely, natural phenomena of life, which represent one of its sides, and that the shady one. In overcoming them with dignity, your mind has to exercise, to train, to enlighten itself; and your character to gain force, endurance, and the necessary hardness." The Prince had done well so far; but he must continue in the right path; above all, he was "never to relax"—"Never to relax in putting your magnanimity to the proof; never to relax in logical separation of what is great and essential from what is trivial and of no moment; never to relax in keeping yourself up to a high standard—in the determination daily renewed, to be consistent, patient, courageous." It was a hard program, perhaps, for a young man of twenty-one; and yet there was something in it which touched the very depths of Albert's soul. He sighed, but he listened—listened, as to the voice of a spiritual director, inspired with divine truth. "The stars which are needful to you now," the voice continued, "and perhaps for some time to come, are *Love, Honesty, Truth.* All those whose minds are warped, or who are destitute of true feeling, will *be apt to mistake you,* and to persuade themselves and the world that you are not the man you are—or at least may become. . . . Do you, therefore, be on the alert betimes, with your eyes open in every direction . . . I wish for my Prince a great, noble, warm, and true heart, such as shall serve as the richest and surest basis for the noblest views of human nature, and the firmest resolve to give them development."

Before long, the decisive moment came. There was a general election, and it became certain that the Tories, at last, must come into power. The Queen disliked them as much as ever; but, with a large majority in the House of Commons, they would now be in a position to insist upon their wishes being attended to. Lord Melbourne himself was the first to realize the importance of carrying out the inevitable transition with as little friction as possible; and with his consent, the Prince, following up the rapprochement which had begun over the Regency act, opened, through Anson, a negotiation with Sir Robert Peel. In a series of secret interviews, a complete understanding was reached upon the difficult and complex question of the Bedchamber. It was agreed that the constitutional point should not be raised, but that on the formation of the Tory government, the principal Whig ladies should retire, and their places be filled by others appointed by Sir Robert. Thus, in effect, though not in form, the Crown abandoned the claims of 1839, and they have never been subsequently put forward. The transaction was a turning point in the Prince's career. He had conducted an important negotiation with skill and tact; he had been brought into close and friendly relations with the new Prime Minister; it was obvious that a great political future lay before him. Victoria was much impressed and deeply grateful. "My dearest Angel," she told King Leopold, "is indeed a great comfort to me. He takes the greatest interest in what goes on, feeling with and for me, and yet abstaining as he ought from biassing me either

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way, though we talk much on the subject, and his judgment is, as you say, good and mild." She was in need of all the comfort and assistance he could give her. Lord M. was going; and she could hardly bring herself to speak to Peel. Yes; she would discuss everything with Albert now!

Stockmar, who had returned to England, watched the departure of Lord Melbourne with satisfaction. If all went well, the Prince should now wield a supreme political influence over Victoria. But would all go well? An unexpected development put the Baron into a serious fright. When the dreadful moment finally came, and the Queen, in anguish, bade adieu to her beloved Minister, it was settled between them that, although it would be inadvisable to meet very often, they would continue to correspond. Never were the inconsistencies of Lord Melbourne's character shown more clearly than in what followed. So long as he was in office, his attitude towards Peel had been irreproachable; he had done all he could to facilitate the change of government; he had even, through more than one channel, transmitted privately to his successful rival advice as to the best means of winning the Queen's good graces. Yet, no sooner was he in opposition than his heart failed him. He could not bear the thought of surrendering altogether the privilege and the pleasure of giving counsel to Victoria—of being cut off completely from the power and the intimacy which had been his for so long and in such abundant measure. Though he had declared that he would be perfectly discreet in his letters, he could not resist taking advantage of the opening they afforded. He discussed in detail various public questions, and, in particular, gave the Queen a great deal of advice in the matter of appointments. This advice was followed. Lord Melbourne recommended that Lord Heytesbury, who, he said, was an able man, should be made Ambassador at Vienna; and a week later the Queen wrote to the Foreign Secretary urging that Lord Heytesbury, whom she believed to be a very able man, should be employed "on some important mission." Stockmar was seriously alarmed. He wrote a memorandum, pointing out the unconstitutional nature of Lord Melbourne's proceedings and the unpleasant position in which the Queen might find herself if they were discovered by Peel; and he instructed Anson to take this memorandum to the ex-Minister. Lord Melbourne, lounging on a sofa, read it through with compressed lips. "This is quite an apple-pie opinion," he said. When Anson ventured to expostulate further, suggesting that it was unseemly in the leader of the Opposition to maintain an intimate relationship with the Sovereign, the old man lost his temper. "God eternally damn it!" he exclaimed, leaping up from his sofa, and dashing about the room. "Flesh and blood cannot stand this!" He continued to write to the Queen, as before; and two more violent bombardments from the Baron were needed before he was brought to reason. Then, gradually, his letters grew less and less frequent, with fewer and fewer references to public concerns; at last, they were entirely innocuous. The Baron smiled; Lord M. had accepted the inevitable

The Whig ministry resigned in September, 1841; but more than a year was to elapse before another and an equally momentous change was effected—the removal of Lehzen. For, in the end, the mysterious governess was conquered. The steps are unknown by which Victoria was at last led to accept her withdrawal with composure—perhaps with relief; but it is clear that Albert's domestic position must have been greatly strengthened by the appearance of children. The birth of the Princess Royal had been followed in November, 1841, by that of the Prince of Wales; and before very long another baby was expected. The Baroness, with all her affection, could have but a remote share in such family delights. She lost ground perceptibly. It was noticed as a phenomenon that, once or twice, when the Court travelled, she was left behind at Windsor. The Prince was very cautious; at the change of Ministry, Lord Melbourne had advised him to choose that moment for decisive action; but he judged it wiser to wait. Time and the pressure of inevitable circumstances were for him; every day his predominance grew more assured—and every night. At length he perceived that he need hesitate no longer—that every wish, every velleity of his, had only to be expressed to be at once Victoria's. He spoke, and Lehzen vanished forever. No more would she reign in that royal heart and those royal halls. No more, watching from a window at Windsor, would she follow her pupil and her sovereign walking on the terrace among the obsequious multitude, with the eye of triumphant love. Returning to her native Hanover, she established herself at Bückeburg in a small but comfortable house, the walls of which were entirely covered by portraits of Her Majesty. The Baron, in spite of his dyspepsia, smiled again: Albert was supreme.

. . .

The early discords had passed away completely—resolved into the absolute harmony of married life. Victoria, overcome by a new, an unimagined revelation, had surrendered her whole soul to her husband. The beauty and the charm which so suddenly had made her his at first, were, she now saw, no more than but the outward manifestation

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of the true Albert. There was an inward beauty, an inward glory which, blind that she was, she had then but dimly apprehended, but of which now she was aware in every fibre of her being:—he was good—he was great! How could she ever have dreamt of setting up her will against his wisdom, her ignorance against his knowledge, her fancies against his perfect taste? Had she really once loved London and late hours and dissipation? She who now was only happy in the country, she who jumped out of bed every morning—oh, so early!—with Albert, to take a walk, before breakfast, with Albert alone! How wonderful it was to be taught by him! To be told by him which trees were which; and to learn all about the bees! And then to sit doing cross-stitch, while he read aloud to her Hallam's Constitutional History of England! Or to listen to him playing on his new organ, ("The organ is the first of instruments," he said); or to sing to him a song by Mendelssohn, with a great deal of care over the time and the breathing, and only a very occasional false note! And, after dinner, too—oh, how good of him! He had given up his double chess! And so there could be round games at the round table, or everyone could spend the evening in the most amusing way imaginable—spinning counters and rings. When the babies came, it was still more wonderful. Pussy was such a clever little girl ("I am not Pussy! I am the Princess Royal!" she had angrily exclaimed on one occasion); and Bertie—well, she could only pray *most* fervently that the little Prince of Wales would grow up to "resemble his angelic dearest Father in *every, every* respect, both in body and mind." Her dear Mamma, too, had been drawn once more into the family circle, for Albert had brought about a reconciliation, and the departure of Lehzen had helped to obliterate the past. In Victoria's eyes, life had become an idyll, and, if the essential elements of an idyll are happiness, love and simplicity, an idyll it was; though, indeed, it was of a kind that might have disconcerted Theocritus. "Albert brought in dearest little Pussy," wrote Her Majesty in her journal, "in such a smart white merino dress trimmed with blue, which Mamma had given her, and a pretty cap, and placed her on my bed, seating himself next to her, and she was very dear and good. And as my precious, invaluable Albert sat there, and our little Love between us, I felt quite moved with happiness and gratitude to God!"

The past—the past of only three years since—when she looked back upon it, seemed a thing so remote and alien that she could explain it to herself in no other way than as some kind of delusion—an unfortunate mistake. Turning over an old volume of her diary, she came upon this sentence—"As for 'the confidence of the Crown,' God knows! No *Minister, no friend ever* possessed it so entirely as this truly excellent Lord Melbourne possesses mine!" A pang shot through her—she seized a pen, and wrote upon the margin—"Reading this again, I cannot forbear remarking what an artificial sort of happiness *mine* was *then,* and what a blessing it is I have now in my beloved Husband *real* and solid happiness, which no *Politics,* no worldly reverses *can* change; it could not have lasted long, as it was then, for after all, kind and excellent as Lord M. is, and kind as he was to me, it was but in society that I had amusement, and I was only living in that superficial resource, which I *then fancied* was happiness! Thank God! for *me* and others, this is changed, and I *know what real happiness* is—V. R." How did she know? What is the distinction between happiness that is real and happiness that is felt? So a philosopher—Lord M. himself perhaps—might have enquired. But she was no philosopher, and Lord M. was a phantom, and Albert was beside her, and that was enough.

Happy, certainly she was; and she wanted everyone to know it. Her letters to King Leopold are sprinkled thick with raptures. "Oh! My dearest Uncle, I am sure if you knew *how* happy, how blessed I feel, and how *proud* I feel in possessing *such* a perfect being as my husband . . ." such ecstasies seemed to gush from her pen unceasingly and almost of their own accord. When, one day, without thinking, Lady Lyttelton described someone to her as being "as happy as a Queen," and then grew a little confused, "Don't correct yourself," said Her Majesty. "A Queen *is* a very happy woman."

But this new happiness was no lotus dream. On the contrary, it was bracing, rather than relaxing. Never before had she felt so acutely the necessity for doing her duty. She worked more methodically than ever at the business of State; she watched over her children with untiring vigilance. She carried on a large correspondence; she was occupied with her farm—her dairy—a whole multitude of household avocations—from morning till night. Her active, eager little body hurrying with quick steps after the long strides of Albert down the corridors and avenues of Windsor, seemed the very expression of her spirit. Amid all the softness, the deliciousness of unmixed joy, all the liquescence, the overflowing of inexhaustible sentiment, her native rigidity remained. "A vein of iron," said Lady Lyttelton, who, as royal governess, had good means of observation, "runs through her most extraordinary character." LYTTON STRACHEY.

(*To be continued.*)

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The Academy Opens Its Doors

THE show of pictures by younger American painters, in progress at the Pennsylvania Academy since April 15th, is the most important made since the days of the exhibition organized at the Anderson Galleries in 1917. In one respect, perhaps, it is even more important for native art than was the Forum show. For it proclaims the recognition extended by officialdom to the work of the younger generation of painters. It bears incontrovertible witness to the fact that the museum-people have at length found it necessary to accord its rights to the newer group of workers, and invited them into the sacrosanct spaces. Today, on the walls of the musty academy in Philadelphia, where for so long there has hung only what is timid and conventional and moribund in American picture-making, there hang, called thither by trustees and professors and pupils, examples of much that is most original and passionate and untrammeled in our painting. In these dingy rooms, that seem, for all the world, to breathe Duveneck and Wyant, there hang fugues of icy color by Macdonald-Wright, ecstatic climaxes by Georgia O'Keeffe, ribaldries by Walt Kuhn, paintings by Max Weber and John Marin and Man Ray, by Thomas Benton and Charles Sheeler and George F. Of.

The fact is important for the reason that it marks the commencement of a new epoch in the history of this younger group. Hitherto, it has been forced to do without the aid which the art institutions are able to give the painter, which institutions of art ought to be ready to proffer to all who are seriously at work. Henceforth, apparently, it is to have the opportunity of showing to what use it can put official recognition, official encouragement. For it is scarcely to be expected that the Pennsylvania Academy will hesitate to complete the work so bravely begun and make the exhibition an annual one, or that the picture galleries of the land which are not obsolete or devoted entirely to the sorry business of maintaining fictitious values on academic paintings, will refuse to follow the lead of the museum in Philadelphia, and continue stupidly to ignore the existence in this country of a great body of vivid young art.

That may be the chief momentousness of the Philadelphia show. That may be the chief momentousness for the exhibiting artists. But for us, the curious public, the event has another great interest besides. To us it comes bearing as the chiefest of its gifts the opportunity of seeing Young America, the America of the generation that has recently attained maturity, as it registers itself unconsciously in pigment. More than any one-man show, more than any show of a small group, more than the shows of a whole season seen in succession, this great exhibition, comprising the characteristic work of seventy or eighty artists, gives again the quality of life lived here in the centres of civilization, the stuff of which the young men produced by American conditions are formed, the thing we all of us are. For precisely as men in a herd come very quickly to drop their disguises, their individual marks, and show what they really are, what they really desire, so, too, the artists when taken in a herd seem to give out something more of their secret, their temperature, than they do when sampled singly. The inner quality appears in the canvases, between the canvas. It permeates subtly the atmosphere; one hears a single tone repeated by different instruments, in different timbres, wherever one turns.

Now, the general life of the exhibition to which the Pennsylvania Academy has opened wide its doors is not of an entirely satisfying intensity, in spite of the presence of certain solid and original works, in spite of the presence of a greater number of fine paintings than are to be seen at all the yearly academic shows taken together. Dignity, of course, there is. The green burlap-covered walls of the rooms, over which some cheesecloth has been tacked, do not permit, of course, the color of the moderns to assert itself; Georgia O'Keeffe's high tints, some of the few to retain their brilliancy in the subterranean gray of the place, look a little as might a freshly laundered white skirt suddenly projected into the murk of a particularly smoky day in Pittsburg. But of the dignity of the show there can be no question. Here, at least, there is evidence that research in aesthetics is being made. The experiments conducted with color by Macdonald-Wright, the use to which he is putting the formal power of the spectrum, may be of first importance. Certainly, it has already been affecting the workers; the canvases of two other of the exhibitors, Benton and Yarrow, reveal its influence. For pure ability, pure painter craft, the canvases of Weber and Man Ray need fear no rivalry in the academies among the workers in oils; Marin's mastery of the water-color medium is by this time getting to be universally acknowledged; Sterne's draftsmanship, the black-and-white work of Walkowitz and De Zayas, are profoundly impressive.

Nevertheless, the exhibition is too uneven a surface to be entirely gratifying. Uneven, of course, it had to be, since the Academy insisted the show remain as open as possible, be expressive of all modern tendencies in America and that it should not fall into the hands of any single group or

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coterie. But it is more mixed and rocky than it needed to be, even were it to be composed of the work of seventy odd different American hands. The committee, composed of Messrs. Carles, Benton, Yarrow, Burlin, Stella, Gussow, and Stieglitz, undoubtedly had to struggle with a difficult and unfamiliar problem. But the absence from the group of all work of Oscar Bluemner, Hayes Miller and Charles Duncan, remains fairly inexcusable. Their painting would greatly strengthen any American show; the absence of it greatly weakens the one in Philadelphia. Besides, not all men included sent their best work, put forward their best foot. The comfortable attitude seems to underlie most art produced in America. One feels it in the music of John Alden Carpenter; in the prose of Marsden Hartley; in the poetry of Carl Sandburg. One feels it in the composition of the picture show here under discussion. One finds oneself wondering why Joseph Stella sent his early and Boccioni-like Coney Island in place of one of his later and far more characteristic large canvases. The two examples of the work of Arthur Dove, although by no means devoid of the tang of the soil which he usually infuses into his pigment, are also fairly feeble and unstimulating. Dickinson has been seen better elsewhere; so has Demuth; so have a number of the other exhibitors. And then, the hanging of the show leaves something to be desired. In the effort to be fair, to create no wall of honor, to distribute the canvases fairly through the rooms, the committee scattered the work of the various contributors a little too thoroughly. One would have much enjoyed seeing together the three examples of the art of Macdonald-Wright; one would have been further eclaircised at seeing the paintings of Benton and Yarrow, which owe so much to his experiments, in close proximity to his. There seems to be no reason why the work of Hartley, McFee, Davies and others should not, like that of Pascin and O'Keeffe, have been presented in solid blocks.

What one notices in the general composition of the exhibition is the lack of complete tension, the strangely unliberated will, that one comes, at last, to see in the pictures themselves. There is much vitality, much originality and force visible in the paintings. There is a good mass of raw material, of raw human material, evident. But it is remarkable how little of it is as yet completely crystallized. It is remarkable how indirectly one feels the present-day world within most of these frames. There is music hammered out of steel girders and on steel anvils in the Wrights; the rhythmically powerful Bentons have, in some strange fashion, the flavor of glass and electric current and concrete. But, for the few expressive, creative workers evident, there are evident a much greater number of less felicitous seekers. One finds oneself wondering whether the stimulus that moves Weber, for instance, for all his sure touch and technical knowledge, does not come to him too greatly from the outside? Sterne, for all his draftsmanship, is preponderantly tight and rigid; the never quite abeyant smart-aleckism of Bouché palls a little; Burlin talks much of the necessity of kissing the soil of America, but as yet the kiss of his paint is lacking in spontaneity. In the midst of the show, one comes upon a strange phenomenon which may be called the école de Woodstock. This school is composed of three persons who, much like the hags in the antique fable, have but one eye between them, and the eye appears to be oftener in the head of McFee than in that of either Kramer or Dasburg. Hamilton Easter Field trails Matisse not quite successfully. Miss Stettheimer's canvas color of gold is somewhat too episodic and broken to be ingratiating. And Hartley's distinguished art has always a little of the rather chilling beauty of the corpse about it.

So, after all, one finds the guild of painters in America in much the same state as one finds the guild of poets or that of musicians. Here, as in literature, one finds vivacity, brightness, pricked-up ears. But one notes the absence of direction, conviction, often the absence of intense labor and concentration. One feels that the workers are not yet working in harmony; that the utter absence of standards this side the water, the power of advertizing to create fictitious reputations, the lack of dealers and patrons able to produce and foster the newer tendencies, has affected adversely the creative talents. It will be interesting to watch the effect of official recognition on the younger painters. One hopes that it will give them the courage of themselves. For there is much muscularity latent in these artists, and the cooperation of workers and public, could it only be brought about, would surely call it forth in time.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

In the Family Way

Hark, hark, the wind blows to-night.
What a night for a baby to come into the world!
What a night for a melodrama baby to come
And the father wondering
And the mother wondering
What the years will bring on their stork feet
Till a year when this very baby might be saying
On some storm night when a melodrama baby is born:
"What a night
for a baby
to come into the world!"
Hark, hark, the wind blows to-night.

CARL SANDBURG.

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When the Fruits Ripen

A Report to the Supreme Committee of the Associated Soviet Republics of Europe, Africa and Asia. G. Rubinoffski, Antoine Rousillon, John Churchill, Commissioners. Paris, 1972.

EXTRACT from the Resolution of the Supreme Committee creating the Commission of Inquiry:

In view of the persistent agitation for restoring trading relations with America, broken off a half century ago—an agitation obviously inspired by foreign capitalistic designs and conducted chiefly by the groups known as "parlor capitalists"—unbalanced idealists, moral perverts, "short haired men and long haired women"—but not wholly without support among the respectable, if less enlightened elements of the population,

Be it resolved that a Commission consisting of three persons distinguished for tact and good judgment and competently trained in economics and social science shall be appointed and instructed to gain access to America by whatever means they find practicable, to inquire into the conditions of trade, production, social relations, education, and whatever else they may consider pertinent to the question of the resumption of trading relations.

Your Commission discovered at the outset that the difficulty of gaining access to America has been greatly exaggerated by the Soviet press. We shipped from Calcutta in the guise of refugees from the remnant of a counter-revolutionary band recently operating in the Himalayas, and succeeded in inspiring confidence in the captain and the ship's crew by appearing wholly unable to understand anything that was said to us in any language. After a month at sea, which gave us opportunity to train off every vestige of intelligence on our countenances, we were landed at the vast, gloomy immigration station of Staten Island. Formerly, we learned, immigrants had been landed at a tiny key known as Ellis Island. But in anticipation of a colossal immigration movement at the time when the Soviet system extended its field, the government of the United States acquired the considerable island of Staten, cleared off such private and public buildings as there were and laid it out in steel-fenced enclosures where the various immigrant masses might be detained for close study of their political beliefs, and where the masses of American residents suspected of unionism and other forms of sedition might be held while waiting for bottoms to effect their expulsion from the country. At present the island does little business except in the way of expulsion. Hardly any immigrants arrive except the survivors of the Bushmen of Australia, certain mongrels from the Congo district and the Untouchables and similar elements from South Eastern Asia and the Islands of the vicinity. The only qualification for admission now in force is absolute illiteracy. Considerable ingenuity is exercised by a corps of trained psychologists to detect those who would feign illiteracy. We passed the tests without great difficulty and were assigned to a cage along with certain Thibetans and Solomon Islanders, for the inspection of the agents of the various industries. After a week's delay we were sold to a steel manufacturer. As we succeeded in creating the impression that we were willing but absolutely incompetent workmen, we were soon resold to another industrial enterprise, which in turn quickly passed us on to another. Thus in the course of fourteen months we managed to gain an inside view of practically all the important employments in the country. Nor was our experience confined to the manual trades; for brief periods we served as bank messengers, secret service agents, public school teachers, to mention only a few of the employments for which we proved qualified according to existing capitalistic standards.

We shall no doubt be criticized for employing a method of investigation involving so great an expenditure of time. Our instructions were to secure the needed information with the least possible delay and it had been suggested to us that a quick survey of the press, both official and opposition, together with conversations with leading authorities on commerce, finance, production, social relations, etc., would answer the purpose. But we discovered that there is nothing that can really be called a press in America. There are publications known as newspapers, but their contents consist mainly of fulsome laudations of various articles of real or fancied use, panaceas for all diseases, means of combating baldness or extirpating corns, miraculous food substances etc., all carrying the personal endorsement of the editor, with cuts to right and left of that dignitary, before and after using the medicaments or aliments in question. Besides such material there are extended accounts of balls, marriages and divorces in the millionaire class, exercises in obsolete rhetoric by the current President, diatribes against the Soviet system reprinted from such classical writers as Hughes and Hoover, and a most remarkable kind of pleasant fiction, lauded

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for its morality, which bears the same relation to contemporaneous morality as the life depicted in Virgil's Eclogues bears to the life of Imperial Rome under Augustus. When we inquired of an intelligent editor why the American press was so completely barren even in respect to matters of no political bearing we were informed that the Sacred Cows had pastured the life out of the press and left it a desert. It was explained that by "Sacred Cows" were meant groups and interests whose sensibilities must never be offended in the least. Thus nothing might be printed which reflected injuriously upon the Catholic Church, any Protestant Church, the Jews, the Christian Scientists, the Free Masons, the Ku Klux Klan, the Mormons, the Optimists, the Sons of the World War Veterans, the Daughters of Prohibition, the Four Hundred of any city or village, the Police, the Bankers, the Rag Pickers, the Red Haired, etc. Nor could anything be written that reflected favorably on any of these multitudinous groups, because that would offend all opposing groups.

As to consulting authorities on finance, etc., we soon discovered that the project was impracticable. Such subjects are openly professed only by persons connected with one or another stock jobbing concern; their reports are designed primarily to raise or lower the prices of securities for the benefit of one or another group of speculators. There are still, to be sure, chairs of finance, economics and sociology in the universities, but the instruction is confined to a repetition of the doctrines of Aristotle, J. Laurence Laughlin, St. Thomas Aquinas, Fabian Franklin, William Petty, Davenant and Gee. Nor could we discover that the professors were in any sense more contemporaneous than the doctrines they were forced to teach. Education in America has undergone a sterilization comparable to that of the press. As we learned from certain hermit scholars, the process of decay began with the period of Endowment Drives, around the time of the World War. In order to interest wealthy patrons, it was necessary for the universities to offer a guarantee that all instruction would be "safe and sane," i. e., impenetrable to ideas that might be prejudicial to the capitalistic order. As the event proved that all ideas, even on astronomy and archaeology, might be prejudiced to that order, candidates for university posts came to be subjected to intelligence tests analogous to those employed to control immigration. Nevertheless, the universities continue to flourish, but mainly as centres of fashion and sport.

A word as to moral conditions—for it is not unknown to any man of normal intelligence that much of the fire under the movement for opening trade relations is derived from the secret desires of certain of the parlor capitalists—long haired women and short haired men—who believe that under capitalism all lusts may win satiety through purchase and sale. To these perverts we say sternly: Even under capitalism not every scoundrel attains to wealth, nor is every Danaë's roof sure to be permeated by a shower of gold. The parlor capitalists are basing their calculations on an exceedingly shaky premise, derived uncritically from the classical capitalistic literature—the premise of the universal corruptibility of human nature. The truth is that in capitalistic America most relations between the sexes are governed, as elsewhere, by mutual attraction and respect; purchase and sale form the exception, not the rule. No more striking confirmation could be adduced of the Soviet premise that fundamentally human nature is sound and sweet and will strive to maintain its character even in the face of extremely adverse circumstances.

As to economic conditions, we may remark that while there are millions of the poorer classes who suffer from chronic hunger, are clad in rags and sleep tier above tier in mouldy basements or find refuge in abandoned subways and railway tunnels, the distress is by no means so universal as our press has led us to believe. A providential stupidity has drawn the men of wealth into an insensate competition in the number of servants they maintain. In some establishments the household servants number thousands, and these must be tolerably fed and neatly dressed. Among the peasantry, also, there are numerous instances of families that succeed in concealing a considerable part of their product from the tax gatherers, the collectors for the various "drives" and the agents of traders who sell useless luxuries on the instalment plan. But there is evidence on every hand that the circle of distress is steadily expanding.

The fundamental difficulty is the resistless deterioration of the capitalistic plan of production. As is well known to every Soviet schoolboy, the governing principle of the capitalistic scheme of economics is Scarcity. It is in the interest of each branch of industry that its particular product should be scarce and therefore dear. In the period of partial capitalistic organization there was an opposing principle, known as Competition, which in some measure mitigated the operation of the principle of Scarcity. But shortly after the World War a rage of business associationism swept over America, the result of which was to remove every obstacle to the free play of Scarcity. That principle, working progressively, has brought the country to its present condition of distress. The logic of the situation strikes one in the face, yet hardly

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any of the American population seems able to comprehend it. If you put to them the elementary proposition that the only object of an economic system is to produce an abundance of the necessities and conveniences of life, they shake their heads and look dazed; as if you were expounding the latest metaphysical subtlety. Readers of history will recall that the extension of the Soviet system was greatly facilitated by a similar infantilism which characterized European statesmen after the close of the World War, with their insistence on an indemnity from Germany, coupled with their ghastly fear that the principle of Scarcity would be violated if Germany were permitted to export the goods by which alone the indemnity could be paid.

It is our mature conclusion that no significant advantage to the Association of Soviet Republics can be derived from opening trade relations with America. The country has great natural resources, and not unimportant masses of easily worked raw materials, but these, since the final breakdown of railway transportation some twenty years ago, have been practically inaccessible to the ports. From the point of view of production America is a chaos of junk and scraps, nor do we see any hope that conditions will improve so long as the existing system stands. Some of our dreamy idealists have contended that the opening of trade relations would gradually lead to the abandonment or at least the modification of the system. Our studies do not support this contention. Any relief that the American population might gain through the opening of trade would redound chiefly to the credit of those who stand in control of the system. They would manage the distribution of the benefits in such a way as to bolster up their own position and to postpone the day of regeneration.

Further, even if it were decided to open trading relations the results would inevitably be disappointing. Trade involves an exchange either of goods for goods or of goods for credit. America undoubtedly desires goods in limitless variety and quantity. But she has practically no goods to give in exchange. Public credit is non-existent; it is so long since the public revenues yielded any surplus above expenditures for interest on the colossal public debt that governmental promises to pay have become wholly worthless. Private credit has not entirely disappeared, but the number of persons who not only wish to live up to their contracts, but are also able to do so, is limited. We must bear in mind that the favorite maxims of capitalistic commerce are Caveat Emptor and Look out for yourself; also that the most powerful tendency in capitalistic industry is adulteration. We must remember that many a capitalistic fortune is based upon bankruptcy. We do not deny that it might be possible for the citizens of another capitalistic state still to do business with America. By extorting huge profits from the traders who kept to the letter of their contracts, it would be possible to make up for losses on those who welched. But this is a kind of speculative business for which the Soviet trading organs are not adapted.

Therefore it is our recommendation that for the present no steps be taken toward opening trading relations. We make this recommendation with regret, as we desire sincerely to help the American people, a people in many respects worthy of our affection and admiration. But we feel that it is the part of true friends to let them "stew in their own juice," to use an expression current among Americans a half century ago, when it was we who were suppliants for open trade. They will the sooner adjust themselves economically, politically and morally to the standards prevailing in the civilized world.

Respectfully,

RUBINOFFSKI
ROUSILLON
CHURCHILL.

As Good as a Man—And Better

THERE were six of us, five men and I. We were a committee, formed to organize the city's interest in the most disorganized of the arts. There was a critic, whom everybody admired except the advertising department of his paper, an editor whom big business had made famous, a well-known minister, a retired business man, now a patron of the arts, a lecturer who swayed Carnegie Hall with a wave of his hair, and I. The men were chosen because they were clear-headed and logical. I represented women. I usually did on a men's committee. Men always said I had a man's mind and that made me easy to work with. What they probably meant was that I accepted their superiority with a decent grace. And I did.

We had met four times, talked a great deal,—that is the minister and the lecturer had talked a great deal, the other men had objected and I had listened a great deal—and nothing had been accomplished. The situation undoubtedly needed imagination to clarify it. Logic, it was evident, did not light it up.

The editor said he was going to bring another man to the next meeting. The man's name made

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me shudder, it represented so entirely the world of high finance. Here were five men chosen to do a mind's job, and because they could not do it they were going to call in money. It seemed very sad and very metropolitan. The man's father had made money and married it. The man had improved on his father; he had inherited money, made it, married it and divorced it. I couldn't see what he had to do with us or with art. But the editor was a sensible fellow, as editors went, so I waited.

The man came. He was a big, broad-shouldered, fine-looking, essentially masculine man and he dominated the scene at once. He listened quietly for a few moments while someone explained what we were trying to do and the difficulties in the way. He asked a few keen, pertinent questions, thought a moment and then told us exactly what should be done, and how—first the broad, general plan with the final goal which we might hope to reach, then the ways and means, then the details of organization.

Our work was done. He did it quite simply, but it was a splendid thing to watch. He seemed not so much to have taken our facts and judged them as to have measured them and us against some great, sure measure of experience which he carried around with him, unseen. I had worked with men all my life, with writers, lawyers, business men,—all kinds and all ages—and I had never seen a mind among them that worked like his. It seemed at once both fluid and solid, both standing firm and quick-rushing. It made my own mind pull up stakes in a hurry, to rush after him, eagerly, as it had not rushed in years.

"If that's the mind that makes millions, it deserves them," I thought. "He doesn't let a forest and a hill or two standing between him and his goal, bar his vision of that goal. He thinks right through and over them with a clear, trained sight. He thinks not so much with his intellect as with his intuitions. If a thing is in the right relation to fact and experience, all around, he accepts it as true without bothering to prove it. He thinks just like a woman, exactly like a woman."

Then suddenly something snapped inside of me. What had I said? "Thinks like a woman! Thinks like a woman!" As though a woman's mind were something to be admired. As though I knew a woman in the world who could think as fast and as far and as true as that. What nonsense! Women thought exactly the way men did, when they were trained to think at all. There was no sex in intellect.

And yet,—and yet! That unconscious recognition "he thinks like a woman" did come from somewhere. This man's approach to thought *was* the approach of the great mass of women without mental discipline, the wise without education, the knowing without wisdom, and it *was* different from the normal man's approach. Perhaps it was not a matter of sex, perhaps men could think this way if they wanted to. Most certainly they do not want to. They want to begin at the beginning, always, and to run straight in the direction of the logical end of thought. They scorn utterly this man's way of jumping at conclusions, of thinking with your senses and checking up with your reason. His was indeed what we had always slightingly called the "woman's mind" turned wise by training and experience.

I looked around at my five clear-headed, logical companions who were openly and complacently rejoicing in what they thought they had accomplished. I remembered how the other meetings had gone from nowhere to nowhere through endless argument. And I had the first clue to what I had been trying to puzzle out for years,—what was wrong with our living and our thinking. It was strangling intuition and looking at life through the unaided medium of the logical, unimaginative mind that men idealized, which left existence unillumined, any way you turned.

I could still see, even in the face of its dazzling opposite, that the logical mind was the less dangerous, especially when it was untrained. It could not get far enough away from its moorings ever to do much damage. And the undisciplined intuitive mind is a wild thing. But the "woman's mind," such as this man had, and with the years of training devoted to thinking freely which we now spend trying to think logically! It might take us all—. I pulled up short. How could I tell where it would take us? My own mind would not rise to imagination any more. A hundred times I had let men tell me that I thought like a man, and had accepted the compliment humbly. "Yes, sir, and I thank you kindly, sir. I have served men so long and so faithfully, sir. I have learned their ways."

Well, here was the price to pay—.

There was even a time, I remember it perfectly, when I quoted Torquato Tasso:

> Ich freue mich, wenn kluge Männer sprechen
> Und ich verstehen kann wie sie es meinen.
> Ich folge gern; denn mir wird leicht zu folgen.

To understand the conversation of intelligent men, especially editors and lawyers and college professors; to be able to follow them along the shining steel tracks of their thought, worn smooth with long use and much travel, to come up with them

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on time from station to station, without ever losing my mental breath—that was enough, once.

To think straight, the way men did, was what we all wanted most in those days, young, eager, ignorant women that we were, even when we talked of it in other terms. We said we wanted to earn a man's wage, to be what men called independent, to be as free as a man in the struggle of the individual against the world—free of a subservient economics and a subservient morality—to have the right to a man's education, a man's job, a man's suffrage, a man's freedom of choice.

But we really wanted the right to all of this as the best available means by which to learn to use our own minds freely, to interpret life as men could, with training and through experience. We had the will to progress (which is just the maternal instinct, racially expressed) and we had come far enough to know that we could not go on blindly any more. We needed to know where we were going, we and our children, and other women's children, as men knew. As we thought men knew. As men told us they knew,—our teachers and ministers and statesmen and historians. We wanted to go of our own free will, as men went.

Well, we got what we wanted. We fought and struggled and suffered and we got what we wanted. We had a man's education and business experience and communal association. We found a man's rewards not impossible to achieve—at a price. Yet somehow the mountain of man's wisdom and man's might had shrunk as we approached it. We did not understand why. We thought perhaps we were growing old and losing our illusions or that we had overspent our strength in the strife.

So much of the work we had fought to join men in doing seemed futile when we did it day by day, futile not only for us but for them. It seemed so foolish to waste all the weeks of all the best years of life working in an office to earn money to buy leisure (and so often not getting it) when you could have leisure for so little money. It seemed hardly worth while fighting to get into the crowd just to develop the power to fight your way out again, when you might stay out of the crowd and have the peace that is better than power. It seemed so strange, so endlessly strange, to talk of human progress, always of human progress, and then to think of it in terms of money and not of life, to reckon wealth in fiscal years and not in better generations. Somewhere along the road to freedom we had lost the zest for life as men elected to live it. Somewhere along the way to fine high thinking we seemed to have made a mistake in our logic and to have taken a wrong turn. We had not found out where we were going. But our doubts were of ourselves. We kept our faith in men. And in logic.

I kept mine, until that day eight years ago when I saw that big man's mind at work and knew that the world will get nowhere except into war and strife and failure and routine misery as long as we are satisfied to think on straight steel tracks along the ground when we might be thinking through the air, as he did, and finding our way to some new land "as birds their trackless way."

The fault was in our stars, not in ourselves, that we were underlings. To be "as good as a man" was to be not good enough, until men learned that there were better tools in their possession than the human intellect. To be as good as your spirit,—nothing less will do. To learn to fathom and to trust and to keep at the service of reason not only the facts and the formulas which you can prove from your own limited experience, but that whole well of knowledge and of human understanding which is a heritage of racial experience.

To think as simple women think, only better, a thousand times better. To think like Keats, or Shakespeare, or St. Francis, or Christopher Columbus. All men? Dear, dear and so they are. Well, then, to think like Aspasia, or Joan of Arc or Florence Nightingale. To think creatively rather than logically, fearlessly rather than straight—that was the thing. We must unhitch our wagons, swiftly, swiftly, and hitch them to another star.

Somehow or other the world does move. If you look around today you can see a host of men and women, mostly young, who have gathered silently around the banner of this new ideal. Where they have come from, how they have found their way to one another, no one seems to know. But there they are, artists, engineers, men who have lived in the open, young eager women, the prophets of science and literature, all bending their strength to recreate that dead desire which alone can create life and beauty and fine work and progress. The new science which has uncovered the psychology of the unconscious has given them the added weight of its authority. But the logical man still goes his logical way from nowhere to the grave, oblivious to what is happening about him.

It is not part of the new scheme of things to try to reform the logical man or to snatch away from him his material rewards. Poor fellow! he has so few rewards and so few of him have any for their pains. Let him run the banks and the railroads and the automobile industry if he will. Someone will teach his children, and ours, to run the world—and him.

EDITH J. R. ISAACS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

John Marshall

SIR: Your reviewer of Mr. Beveridge's Life of Marshall has committed, as I apprehend, a serious error. He says:

> "The failure of Virginia and other states after the war to provide for the execution of the treaty of 1783 with Great Britain for the payment of debts due from Americans to British subjects, still further influenced Marshall in favor of a government that could enforce its treaty obligations. But perhaps the decisive influence was his own economic interests. Soon after the war he was instrumental in forming a syndicate to purchase the great Fairfax estate in the northern neck of Virginia. . . . . That the Constitution adopted at Philadelphia in 1787 was calculated to protect just such interests as his, no doubt was influential in inclining Marshall to support it."

The difficulty in the way of this slur on Marshall's intellectual integrity and independence, is that the purchase referred to was made years *after* the adoption of the Constitution. Your reviewer continues:

> "If Virginia was to ignore the treaty regarding debts to British subjects, Marshall rightly feared that she might disregard it with respect to this land which he had purchased."

Perhaps and perhaps not; the fact happens to be that John Marshall himself and none other was the lawyer who argued the leading case of Ware vs. Hylton in the Supreme Court, appearing *against* the interest of the British creditors. Your reviewer further says:

> "In 1788, we find him as a member of the Virginia convention fighting valiantly and successfully for the ratification of the new instrument of national government."

Quite true, but Marshall so aligned himself *before* he had one dollar at stake in the result. Indeed, the sole speculator was Hunter (later plaintiff in the controlling litigation), who in 1789 —six years after the Treaty of Peace and two after the Federal Constitutional Convention—obtained a paper title from the state of Virginia and sought to hold up the holders of a long-recognized title for which considerable sums had been paid. [See Hunter vs. Fairfax's Devisee 3 Dallas 305; 1 Munford (Va.) 218; Hunter vs. Martin 4 Munford 1; Martin vs. Hunter's Lesee 1 Wheaton 304, 2 Wheaton 259.]

CHARLES H. BURR.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

A Reply from the Reviewer

SIR: If your correspondent will turn to volume I, pages 191-196, of Beveridge's Life of Marshall, he will find an account of the case of Hite et al vs. Fairfax et al, which was decided by the Virginia Court of Appeals in May, 1786. In this case Marshall argued in favor of "the validity of the entire Fairfax title" (Beveridge I, p. 191). "Hite won in this particular case; but, thanks to Marshall's argument, the court's decision did not attack the general Fairfax title. So it was that Marshall's earliest effort at the bar, in a case of any magnitude, was in defense of the title to that estate of which, a few years later, he was to become a principal owner. *Indeed, both he and his father were interested even then; for their lands in Fauquier County were derived from or through Fairfax*" (Beveridge I, pp. 195-196; italics mine). Also on page 196, we have Senator Beveridge's authority for the statement that at that time (1786), John Marshall was "the owner of nearly one thousand acres of land in Fauquier."

Mr. Burr is correct in saying that the syndicate to purchase the residue of the Fairfax estate was not formed until a few years after the ratification of the Constitution and I thank him for correcting my error in regard to that matter. However, his statement that "Marshall so aligned himself [i. e. on the side of the Constitution] before he had one dollar at stake in the result," is obviously disproved by the foregoing quotations from Beveridge.

I was quite aware that Marshall appeared against the British creditors in the case of Ware vs. Hylton. It would be unusual, as so experienced a member of the bar as Mr. Burr no doubt well knows, for any lawyer, in *all* the cases that happen to come to him, to be retained always on the side of the same economic interests. To this statement Marshall was almost but not quite exceptional. Will Mr. Burr please note in volume II, p. 187, what Senator Beveridge has to say regarding Marshall's connection with the Ware vs. Hylton case? A part of his remarks follows: "It is an example of the 'irony of fate' that in this historic legal contest Marshall supported the theory *which he had opposed throughout his public career thus far, and to demolish which his entire after life was given*" (Italics mine). In view of this authoritative quotation, may not one be justified in concluding that Marshall's position in this one case was the exception that proved the rule?

With regard to the point raised by Mr. Burr in his concluding sentence and in the cases cited, to prove that the Fairfax heirs and assigns had a clearer and more just title to the land than the Hunter crowd, I am in total agreement, and there was nothing in my review that could fairly be construed to support an opposite opinion.

So much for the facts. I apprehend that the real point at issue between Mr. Burr and myself is, after all, not one of fact. He seems to feel that because I referred to Marshall's economic interests in my effort to analyze the great jurist's mental processes, I was therefore "casting a slur on Marshall's intellectual integrity and independence." I do not think this was my intention. I am far from being in accord with the thoroughgoing economic determinists, but I do believe that the historian who fails to take account of the economic interests of the great men of the past, omits *one* of the elements essential to a correct understanding of their careers. Apparently Mr. Burr does not agree with me on this point, and space and inclination alike forbid me to attempt here an argument that might convince him of the soundness of my opinion.

B. B. KENDRICK.

New York City.

Mr. Hughes Answers Berlin

SIR: Since the epoch-making correspondence between President Wilson and the German government preliminary to the armistice agreement, no communication from our government has equalled, it seems to me, in significance the recent memorandums sent by Mr. Hughes to Berlin. Mr. Hughes has realized clearly the decisive importance of a prompt and reasonable settlement of the reparations question. This Association for nearly two years has been urging that until the vexed question of Germany's obligations to the Allies is settled on economic rather than on political and sentimental lines, there can be no real peace in Europe or thoroughgoing economic reconstruction throughout the world. Moreover, only through a fundamentally sound economic solution can France hope for substantial reparations.

The German appeal, admirably timed and skilfully phrased, was dispatched doubtless with the tacit approval of our government. Mr. Hughes' reply, while saving, as it does, the face of the intransigents, in effect puts us in a position where we can exercise the influence of a mediator, and at the same time avoids the appearance of mediation. The Allies cannot refuse to reconsider their program of drastically and immediately extending the military sanctions.

If now the German government in good faith submits new and reasonable offers of compensation, it is probable that our government will use its influence to secure favorable consideration by the Allies. Mr. Hughes has moved deliberately and wisely along the direct line towards what most matters now, that is, enabling Europe to get back to work again, to begin to produce, to feed itself and cease to be dependent upon the charity of the rest of the world. His program gives us hope that the international fabric of industry and trade, shattered by the war and its aftermath, may now be rebuilt, because the permanent adjustment of the reparations issue is everywhere recognized as the primary condition precedent to such rehabilitation.

New York City. JAMES G. MCDONALD,
Chairman, Foreign Policy Association.

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Books and Things

WE all remember the days when the Arrow collar youth, the Onyx hosiery lady and the firm-jawed business man were, one after another, recast by the poster artists into the heroic figures of Columbia, Doughboys and Uncle Sam. We remember them particularly well, though the posters themselves have disappeared, because almost the same clean-limbed, clear-eyed, athletic and puerile figures are all about us again in the subways and on the billboards. And so, while we should like to, we cannot forget that our America, when stirred to its alleged depths by a world war, could not express its ideals and effort, pictorially, in other terms than those of advertising.

There were exceptions, of course; there were many good war-posters. But how feeble did both good and bad seem beside the political cartoons of the Novy Satirikon, printed in Petrograd just after the March revolution. We had supposed the Russians not to be able craftsmen of the visible arts. The few numbers of the Novy Satirikon, circulated all too privately in this country, taught us to think differently. For its artists knew how to draw; their caricatures of the fallen Tsar, his wife, her Raspoutin, and all their puffy, gilded generals, ministers and courtiers had a feverish, diabolical craftsmanship. In a later number, in the June and July days when the Provisional Government shook at the knees, appeared that never to be forgotten figure of Anarchy, red, and stalking house-high through black streets where chimneys toppled and little human figures went scurrying about.

Since then a good deal has been heard about art under the Bolsheviks: heroic bearded statues of Karl Marx stand about Petrograd; in Moscow, futurist, international frescoes cover the walls; propaganda trains, also covered with futurist painting, have been sent out among the peasants, to startle and instruct. It has been generally agreed that the Bolsheviki are masters of propaganda, in pictures as well as words, but until recently, when a collection of some sixty of their posters were on exhibition at the Civic Club, the words alone had reached us.

This exhibition is an interesting one. No name can be given to the quality of the posters as a whole; they are a miscellaneous assortment. There are some in the best manner of the Novy Satirikon, there are some faintly, feebly futuristic, and there are a few as conventionally drawn and as lifeless as most of our own posters.

Here is a picture of a school: pinched-faced children enter it, on the left, from a dark forest of a world haunted by fiery-eyed goblins. At the right, clean, cheerful, angular children are leaving the school into a world of raw colors, but a bright one. Strangely in contrast with this crude color are three mossy prints, a little like magazine illustrations of fifty years ago—pictures of the corners of the world to which books will take you, "as on a magic carpet;" of refined, elderly gentlemen reading large volumes in luxurious studies, of a figure leaning over a book, flanked at either elbow by the world's great writers and thinkers—by Rousseau, Liebknecht, Galileo, Homer, Lenin, Cervantes . . . Near this, done in red and black, a dark figure gesticulating from a huge cubic platform, above him a gigantic book with the words "a book is nothing else but a man speaking in public;" below, waves of revolutionary listeners, and behind them, spare imperious buildings, a smoky sky. There is about this picture something windy, massive, and imperishable that makes one look at it again and again.

Other posters carry other exhortations. On a bleak field lie stark figures in gay uniforms—so many counter-revolutions crushed. Down the centre of the picture crawls an enormous louse, accurately drawn. At the bottom are men bending over, washing themselves. At last we have smashed the White generals, says the poster, but a more terrible enemy has appeared—the typhus-bearing louse. There are recruiting posters. A scene done in rather furry, vegetable colors shows peasants signing up for the red army. Elsewhere are groups of soldiers, officers, mildly idealized, sometimes in attitudes that recall the boys of '76, sometimes with the triumphant stride of a Greek frieze; exalted, over-athletic figures in khaki.

In a different style from the others are some posters that picture the future to be won by toil. They seem the work of a man drawing in a dream, but a dream still tortured by the nightmare that is the present. In a tangle of almost hallucinated reds, yellows, blues, a soldier is stabbing to death the figures of autocracy and counter revolution, with skeleton death hugging the horizon. Next scene: the vague nightmare shapes of death, hunger, typhus sprawl over the foreground. Then picture after picture—death disappears, little red trains crawl away into the distance, the Russian pounds at his anvil, buildings rise, life is possible once again.

But the real power of the Soviet artists is neither in these exhortations nor these dreams. It is when they raise the ghosts of the autocracy that we cannot help asking whether this art is not the best of its kind in the world. Never was the image of a hated enemy drawn with such a diabolical, insane, yet fascinating ugliness. Against a black background, and along a prickly path of red bayonets, a heavy red cart is being drawn. Harnessed to it are Wrangel and a Pole, one lean, grimacing, the other gross and angry, and both of them clumsy, hateful, yet precise in their struggles to move forward. On the cart, also in red, are the bulbous shapes of a landowner, a bourgeois, and the Entente. This last is bulkily, but delicately spread upon the cart, his round face expressing a venomous content—like a Mephistophelian frog. Perched behind, and several sizes smaller than the others, is the crowned figure of the Tsar, with a face of impish imbecility. On the bayonet road, after the cart, are three military corpses, in the ridiculous positions of those who die awkwardly and suddenly. They are Yudenich, Denikin and Kolchak. And the title is "They drove the troika (the three of them) to death—but the pair won't get them there." Wrangel appears a number of times, notably in one poster called "Wrangel is coming—proletarians, to arms!" The Baron's huge shape, a pale nightmare yellow, lunges across the whole sheet. Under him, in reds and blacks, march his soldiers, executing, burning as they go; his gold-braided ministers, landlords, priests; the image of the Tsar, maniacal hussars on horseback. For all that one may be four thousand miles away, and Wrangel harmless now, the picture leaves no little fear and horror in the mind.

Even if the pictures of the old regime are like nightmares caught in a crooked mirror, distorted, hysterical, insane, they are admirably drawn, drawn too, with a terrible, pitiless sort of beauty, but beauty none the less. All Russia is in a fever, a half-madness, and has been so for centuries. There is a clarity, a reality, too in this fever that we Americans, a normal-temperatured, active, placid, useful, gumchewing folk, moved on rare occasions to a pitch of Y. M. C. A. exaltation, shall perhaps never know.

R. L.

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After the Play

FRANZ MOLNAR'S Liliom, produced by the Theatre Guild, is such a very good play that one hardly knows what to say about it. The theme is slight and rather sentimental, but it is handled so deftly and lightly and redeemed with such sharpness and wit that the result is a drama of considerable dignity. As everybody has already said, it is the sort of play Barrie might have written if he had a truer sense of reality. For Barrie will not admit that the world is not composed of lovable sentimental whimsical people who, however forbidding or stupid they may appear, have really fine and tender hearts, whereas Molnar begins by admitting all the cruelty and stupidity and then derives pathos all the more valid for the recognizability of the material.

The play is so unusual and charming, even in translation, that one is hardly annoyed by the unsatisfactory performance of the two chief rôles. But Joseph Schildkraut, though he tries hard and carefully, is rarely really Liliom. Instead of presenting us with a simple organism, sullen, childlike and brutal, he never deceives us very long into thinking he is anything other than a civilized man who, as the result of much practice and study, is giving an impersonation of a roughneck. He is never violent or loud enough; his demeanor is much too correct. He has his moments, to be sure, as when he arrives at the heavenly police court and produces so much the craning and fearful effect of a simple man entering a strange place that we almost see it with his eyes, but, on the whole, his performance is a conscientious and intelligent assembling of detail rather than one in which the actor becomes really identified with the character. This is clearly illustrated in the first part of the play when, finding that the hero is there represented as a debonair but clownish fellow, he carefully applies a musical comedy touch and borrows what he thinks he needs from Fred Stone in Tip Top.—I should like to see Mr. Charles Ellis, of Diff'rent, in the part.

And Miss Eva Le Gallienne as Julie is not even so successful as Mr. Schildkraut. Julie is supposed to be a Hungarian servant girl, not a character out of Miss Alcott. When Miss Le Gallienne was before me, I continually felt that I was present, not at a performance by the Theatre Guild, but at a play presented by a girl's school, in which, no matter how simple or rough the characters are intended to be, they are played with uniform sweetness and refinement and the comfortable calm derived from the consciousness of coming from good homes. In consequence, it seemed to me that the death of Liliom fell rather flat: Julie was such a little prig about it all that I couldn't believe very much in the warmth of her love.

Miss Hortense Alden, as Julie's friend, had much more the right tone. She never gave the impression one got from Miss Le Gallienne that she had been educated far beyond her station, but giggled at the wrong time and was self-conscious about introducing her fiancé just as such a girl actually would. Unfortunately the gulf between Julie and Marie had the appearance of being so wide that they seemed as grotesque a pair of friends as the familiar comedy team in vaudeville in which one appears as a neat young man of impressive dignity and correctness whereas the other is a tattered negro tramp who makes jokes about his mother-in-law.

Indeed, nearly all the minor characters were extraordinarily good,—particularly Mr. Dudley Digges as "The Sparrow" and Mr. Henry Travers as Marie's fiancé. Miss Helen Westley as Mrs. Muskat had magnificent moments, but she too often fell a victim to a difficulty which perhaps helped to betray Miss Le Gallienne. An actor in a translated play seems to labor under a peculiar handicap, because no one ever seems able to translate dialogue so that it sounds natural throughout: if the lines are colloquial or in dialect, the translator, instead of putting them all into plain and grammatical English or else putting them all consistently into Cockney or American slang, has a way of mixing all three. At the Theatre Guild performance, Mr. Digges was decidedly low British, while Miss Le Gallienne was educated American and Mr. Schildkraut was roughneck American with occasional lapses into something that sounded German. Now Miss Westley marred what should have been a fine performance by playing part of the time with all the shrewish vulgarity the rôle demanded and part of the time in a manner much too well-bred for the gaudy merry-go-round woman.

I hope this autopsy-like analysis will not create the impression that the performance is not a brilliant and, on the whole, convincing one. It is undoubtedly one of the best things of the year. The settings of Mr. Lee Simonson are among the most perfect I have ever seen; the park was both beautiful and exactly like a city park; the concrete railway bridge with the water-tank in the distance was actual beyond belief; and as for the roofless police court in Heaven, with its olive-drab steel doors built so firmly into infinity and its pink and blue sky effects like the sentimental colors of the slides in an old-fashioned illustrated song, it was a triumph scarcely less of the designer than of the author of the play. And, for all the faults I have noted, there is heart-breaking pathos in the scene in which Liliom is sent back to earth to expiate his sin in beating his wife by doing something good for his daughter; his pitiful perplexity as to what to do and his anguished haste, as the little girl threatens to leave him, his attempts to amuse her with card-tricks and to make her a gift of a star, which he has snatched in coming down from Heaven and which her mother will not let her accept, because it is "probably something the tramp has stolen," and his finally, in frantic desperation and anxiety, striking the girl as she is about to go, and then realizing immediately afterward that he has sinned again—all this is so finely imagined both by author and actor that it makes poor Mary Rose seem more meretricious than ever.

That other fantasy, Clair de Lune, by Michael Strange, is everything that Liliom is not. It is not only rococo; it is brummagem rococo. It is as if Carol Kennicott, engaged in an amour with Cyril Scott and having just read Oscar Wilde's Salomé, were to try to rewrite Verlaine's Fêtes Galantes. When the simple mountebank is being seduced by the duchess he says: "I feel as if we were in a black barge upon a scarlet sea . . . I think you are ivory, ivory dyed in hues of dawn and sunset . . . I am kissing your little white feet. It is like brushing my face amongst sprays of silken flowers."

Whereupon, the duchess protests: "Ah, do not talk beautifully to me, Gwymplane."

Mr. John Barrymore, as the male ingenu, succeeds in making a ridiculous part only very little less ridiculous than it was left by the author. Miss Ethel Barrymore, as the Queen, becomes interesting only about eight minutes before the curtain goes down. . . . It is such a play as Mr. John Peale Bishop might have written in his teens, if he had had no literary ability.

EDMUND WILSON, JR.

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Enchantment

The Boy Who Knew What The Birds Said. The Boy Apprenticed To An Enchanter. The Girl Who Sat By The Ashes. The Children of Odin. The Children's Homer. New York: The Macmillan Company. The King of Ireland's Son. New York: Henry Holt and Company. By Padraic Colum.

PADRAIC COLUM has done what poets and story-tellers of all times have done; he has taken old tales and traditions and has made them his own; he has been faithful where he must be faithful, but he has created a new loveliness and truth. Rightly his stories should not be confined within the single province of children's literature at all, though we know by trial and proof that they speak quickly and abundantly to children. They belong equally to older people, and this not in the least in the sense that these may try—as they sometimes affectedly do try—to approximate the child's mind. The stories are a common possession because of their essential poetry and their supple telling; they have belonged to children first perhaps because children will more quickly take for granted a perfect and a simple world. But if their elders pass this by it will be because poetry has to be labelled and authenticated for them by the classifications of the publisher's trade lists.

Padraic Colum is much like those bards of Ireland who were so versed in ancient tales that they could be called scholars, but he is unlike the bards in that there is no bitterness upon his tongue. In the later days they used satire until it became an unbearable scourge; he makes of it a gay and positive cap for his humor. It plays in and out with a sly allusiveness through the short tales in The Boy Who Knew What The Birds Said; it lights the perceptive and modern, quickly drawn picture of Vivien in The Boy Apprenticed To An Enchanter. There is salt in his bag as well as magic. One could wish that he might handle some of the larger cycles of Irish stories and bring out in them that inherent buoyancy which Lady Gregory has somehow missed in her compilations, just as she has missed vigor. He, with some others, might go far toward dispelling that modern pervasive myth of the vague and wistful Irish. Here and there in other books and throughout in The King of Ireland's Son he has used Irish lore; and with its strange, often lovely materials which are hardly known except to the folk-lore specialist, this book is a find. But there remains a huge fund of Gaelic tales, awaiting the retelling which would make them live again, not only for their rich concreteness but for sheer springing story, and Colum has the gifts which could bring them into their right existence.

For one thing, he is a natural story-teller, which is something much more than a teller of tales in mere linear sequences. He has the mastery which could hit upon a simple focus for the vast concourse of events in the two great Greek epics, and which could unite the main body of the Norse tales into beautiful sequences. And if he can keep true to ancient stories as they have come out of the past, he also has the invention which can play fantasies upon old themes, when he chooses, and unite fragments of many lores into new shapes. Nor is his ever an over-simple art. In his stories there is nearly always a broad framework; and tales appear within tales, their patternings crossing and re-crossing and intertwining like some of the woven designs of mediaeval Irish lettering and carving. What makes them accomplished is that they remain lucid, even for young readers; they are clear and pliant and full of movement.

Most of all they have the power to cast a spell over the event of the moment and make it captivating. Like one of his own enchanters Colum changes one shape quickly into another, and like an adroit enchanter he keeps the eye and the mind engaged with the single thing which is happening or appearing. It is a power which is not only evocative but penetrative. In The Girl Who Sat By The Ashes he takes the slight thread of situation which makes of the traditional Cinderella a drudge of the hearth and draws such a picture of ashes as never was, down, far down in the seven kitchens of the royal palace, in places concealed like caverns, gray and dusty and dark, so that for the time nothing exists but ashes and the hidden isolation of the kitchens, with the simple fair figure of Maid-Alone fulfilling her tasks there.

Tradition becomes a clue and imagination a touchstone, and from the two is woven the substance of romance. Yet, full of glamor as they are, all the stories have the flavor of earth. It appears in a hundred homely details, in the habits of men, and birds, and beasts, and in the look of places. The gods who live above the Bridge of the Rainbow in The Children of Odin are as firmly drawn as peasants might be, and with all their wisdom and with all the spaciousness of Asgard they have a peasant ruggedness and simplicity. In the story of The Boy Apprenticed To An Enchanter there are caught together many strands of legend, about Chiron the Centaur, Hermes Trismegistus, Merlin and Vivien, King Manus, with the fate of the Tower of Babylon and its Magic Mirror as a crux. But the real and living centre of the tale is found in the courage and pathos and adventure of the boy Eean, the fisherman's son, and Bird-of-Gold, the bramble-gatherer's daughter.

Eean has been caught as he has tried to steal one of the horses of King Manus in the effort of the children to reach Merlin and free themselves from the enchanter Zabulun, to whom Eean has been apprenticed. A shrill neighing is heard again, and Bird-of-Gold is captured in the same act, and is brought into the supper hall of the king:

> In the light of the torches and candles they looked at her wonderingly. She had knitted brows and heavy eyelids that gave to her face the look of one who ponders deeply. And there was such fire behind the depths of her eyes that it seemed as if her thought was always burning. But her lips were colorless and her cheeks were thin and sunken; her hair and her eyes and her eyebrows were dead black. And when they went to bind her as they had bound Eean they saw that her hands were finely shaped and yet strong and hard.
>
> 'Who is she?' said King Manus.
>
> 'I have told you of her,' said Eean. 'This is she who found me in the Pit of the Serpent and who drew me away from the venom of the snake.'
>
> There was silence for a while, and then the King said, 'The chance that was given to you shall be given to her also. If she can show us that she was in danger greater than the danger she is in now her life shall not be taken. If she cannot show that she shall be slain by the sword on tomorrow's sunrise.'
>
> At that some of the trouble on Eean's face seemed to leave it. He cried out, 'O Bird-of-Gold, tell the King the story of your adventures from the beginning. Bethink thee, Bird-of-Gold, of the terrible things you have gone through and speak to the King and the lords of them. This King is very generous, and you may win our lives from him.'
>
> The girl who was called Bird-of-Gold turned to the King her face that seemed to him to be like the face of

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a slave and a victorious warrior. Her hands were bound together before her and her black hair fell over her breast. Like one who was ever ready in deed and word, as soon as King Manus made a gesture, she began.

This kind of vivification in the midst of spells and wonders is a rare thing. How rare, appears when Colum's tales are compared with others, with those of William Morris, for example, who sometimes handled similar story stuff. Morris's people are delicate patterns; the beauty of his narratives is that of "an equable sweetness, a continual going on, like running water in pale sunlight, never rising or falling, nor varying in color, nor changing in sound." Colum's story-telling is fluent, too, always, its surfaces single and unbroken; and there is within it line after line which is all poetry, like those which picture the golden hair which the dwarfs have wrought for Sif: "The threads of it were as bright as sunlight, and when Loki took up the mass of worked gold it flowed from his raised hand down on the ground. It was so fine that it could be put into his palm, and it was so light that a bird might not feel its weight."

But even here, there is something taut and fresh and unlingering; effects are never dwelt upon. At their most delicate they are firmly sculptured. It is an art which is both simpler and hardier than Morris's. Morris's is from the first a totally unreal world, an otherwhere, a world of escape. Colum's is a present world of active, changing fancy, in which everything becomes full of color and dimension. Its simplicity is the token of an unerring view. Passion is at the root of it, a gay and unfaltering and tender passion for beauty, with a sense of reality at the core.

CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE.

Marriage Laws in Russia

The Marriage Laws of Soviet Russia: Complete Text of First Code of Laws of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic dealing with Civil Status and Domestic Relations, Marriage, the Family, and Guardianship. New York: Soviet Russia Magazine.

IT was a very sobering experience for observant women in America to witness the reception of the rumor about the "nationalization of women" in Russia. The abolition of private ownership had been carried so far, said the horrified dispatches, that it also included the abolition of the private ownership of women. The newspapers instantly perceived this to be the logical outcome of a complete program for the nationalization of property.

This syndicated fantasy had a curious vitality; struck down by official and authoritative denials, it revived again and again in the original, unaltered form, with the same painful implication concerning the accepted status of the respectable married woman. If we had ever considered that the property basis of bourgeois marriage as defined by the late Herr Bebel was perhaps overdrawn, apologies to his memory were now in order. The story about the nationalization of women was enough to make him rise up from his grave to remark, "I told you so."

The fantastic rumor has had the effect of making many people curious to know the actual marriage laws of the Russian republic. These are now available in pamphlet form, written in a wholly intelligible and straightforward stlye. Their simplicity indeed will come almost as a shock to anyone who has spent much time in reading the statutes of our American states in the original. The Russian Civil Code was manifestly intended to be read by the populace without the aid of lawyers and does not presuppose for their interpretation a lot of legalistic machinery and a hierarchy of hair-splitting courts. In this respect, the makers of the Civil Code seem not unlike that earlier representative of their aggressive kind, Martin Luther, who had the revolutionary idea that common Christians could read the Bible for themselves without the interpretation of the priest.

The truth is that the Russian laws in regard to civil status, domestic relations, marriage, and the family will be a disappointment to many who had hoped for the worst. Except in regard to testamentary rights over property, the code contains almost no spectacular innovations. In fact, the preface is rather apologetic on this score. "The western reader, who is at least familiar with, if not altogether habituated to, such ideas as the separation of Church and State, equality of the sexes, and the recognition of the rights of illegitimate children, must be constantly reminded of the heavy burden laid upon the Russian proletariat by the economic and social backwardness of the country at the time of the revolution." Marriage is made into a civil, instead of a religious ceremony, a change which means a great deal in Russia, but very little in a country where City Hall marriages are not at all iconoclastic.

An analysis of the code reveals a close kinship to the Scandinavian laws. Again excepting the inheritance restrictions, the revolutionary Russian view of sex-relationships and parentage is quite similar to the Scandinavian view. Divorce can be obtained in Russia by mutual consent and costs practically nothing; but this is also true in Sweden and Norway. Alimony, to the extent of the necessary means of support, may be levied according to circumstances upon either husband or wife; the recent Swedish marriage law provides the same. In Russia, both parents are held responsible for the children's support, as they also are in Sweden. In Russia, "children descending from parents who are not married have equal rights with those descending from parents living in registered marriage." This has been the Norwegian law since 1916.

In Russia, the exceptio plurium is abolished, while Norway adopted this most important of all feminist reforms five years ago. Even the Norwegian stipulation that the illegitimate child shall inherit equally with the legitimate children of the same parent is duplicated in the Russian law, although inheritance is drastically restricted in Russia to the actual amount necessary for support. Practically all these provisions concerning illegitimate children were recommended by the Missouri Children's Code Commission in 1917, at least a year before Russia adopted them. Perhaps Missouri as well as Norway is to be blamed for having set the Russians a bad example.

The creation of a Bureau of Vital Statistics is carefully arranged for by the Russian Code. The government regards this work as indispensable if not profoundly original, but proposes as its real innovation to carry on the task with scientific thoroughness. The function of the Bureau, says the preface, will be statistical and informative rather than magisterial and repressive. This represents, against the Russian background, a very considerable reform, for the Russian census has always been a much dreaded affair, an object of popular terror. Previous to the time of Catherine the Great, it was taken by military troops, before whose advance people fled to the cellars, to the woods, to Poland, everywhere. This method struck the Empress as ex-

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travagant and inefficient and she proceeded to abolish it, against the solemn opposition of the senators. "Let everybody register with the local authorities," she said; "and let a universal pardon be extended to all those who have hitherto not registered but now do so." "Is that justice?" exclaimed the outraged senators.

But Empress Catherine understood the art of dictatorship quite as well as her soviet successors, and the census was henceforth taken in the way that she prescribed. It was an improvement quite as fundamental for the time as that which has just been instituted by Madame Kallontay and her colleagues in the Department of Public Welfare. Apparently it takes nothing short of supreme power to put through quite obvious reforms in such simple matters as vital statistics. One might almost wish that Miss Julia Lathrop of the Children's Bureau might be situated for a brief and glorious interval like these two Russian ladies. In a pure democracy like ours, it seems impossible even to get the babies registered as they are born.

One of the most terrifying rumors about the destruction of the family in Russia, was that about children's being torn from their mothers at the age of three months and brought up in colonies. The published law reads: "Parents are obliged to keep their children with them." This ought to reassure all those who were worried by the former rumor,—unless indeed it gives rise to another still more horrid worry. Are Russian parents, then, to be deprived of all relief, such as that afforded by the English boarding-school or the American summer-camp? Or do the contemplated children's colonies aim to bring these English and American luxuries within the reach of ordinary parents? If the latter is intended, it need not necessarily result in the break-up of family life in Russia, since the richer classes, who have so nobly pioneered and taken all the risk in this particular field, have fully demonstrated that family life can safely survive the absence of children for considerable periods, provided that they sojourn in a suitable environment.

The only part of the marriage code which is aggressively revolutionary—compared at least with the Scandinavian norm—is that which has to do with property rights. By the abolition of the right of inheritance, by the disestablishment of community of property between married persons, and by the practical endowment of motherhood,—property ceases to be the basis of marriage. "The family is reestablished upon the basis of actual descent." The integrity of the family is thus placed under the guardianship of the Bureau of Vital Statistics instead of in the keeping of the Probate Court. The family tree survives if the last will and testament does not.

A last vestige of the patriarchal family remains, however, in the odd provision that husband and wife shall bear the same surname. "The parties to a marriage shall possess a common surname (a surname by matrimony). At the time of the marriage they shall determine whether they will adopt the husband's or wife's or their joint surname." This would seem to be an elaborate gesture of equality but lacking in the real thing. The actual result is that that which was formerly mere custom now receives the added sanction of the law. In the selection of a surname the husband's would naturally prevail by reason of habit and precedent. But if things are really to be reasonably arranged, why should a person who has reached maturity be required to change his or her name? Women have not liked the custom and there is no reason to suppose that men will like it any better. It certainly is not essential to the reestablishment of the family on the basis of descent. So far as the children are concerned, it seems of less importance to decide how they are to be originally named than to guarantee to them the right to be left in peaceful and permanent possession of the outward and visible symbol of their own personalities.

Perhaps the most unorthodox feature of the Russian Code is the principle, announced at the beginning, that it is not intended to be infallible, unchangeable, and eternal. The civil codes of most European countries are over a hundred years old, but the authors of the Russian code think this is too long for any code to stand and propose to make alterations in the future. No doubt they would be interested in criticism from America and there are at least two important groups who have criticisms to make. Wall Street will not at all approve of the reversion of private fortunes to the state and a lot of feminists will not stand for that clause about the change of name. Would it not be well perhaps for these two groups to get together and send to the Russian Collegium of Laws their combined protest?

KATHARINE ANTHONY.

One Man's Initiation

One Man's Initiation—1917, *by John Dos Passos. London: George Allen and Unwin.*

IT would be inaccurate to liken Mr. Dos Passos to Latzko and Barbusse, although he possesses in high degree many of the qualities of their genius. His book is essentially different in character from Under Fire and Men in War. It is not a picture of the war as a whole; it is a picture of one man's reaction to the war. And it is certainly one of the best subjective interpretations of the life of the trenches that has yet been written.

The author is unsparingly honest; he permits himself no illusions. Regarding the war, quite without national bias, solely from the viewpoint of world civilization, he sees in it nothing but a gigantic monument of human folly. He and his comrades discuss forbidden things in the perfect freedom that soldiers alone could enjoy; they curse the war and its makers, and utter vague but hopeful predictions of a better order to come after the peace. The following passage of mingled description and reflection is quite characteristic of the book:

> The woods all about him were a vast rubbish-heap; the jagged, splintered boles of leafless trees rose in every direction from heaps of brass shell-cases, of tin cans, of bits of uniform and equipment. The wind came in puffs laden with an odor as of dead rats in an attic. And this was what all the centuries of civilization had struggled for. For this had generations worn away their lives in mines and factories and forges, in fields and workshops, toiling, screwing higher and higher the tension of their minds and muscles, polishing brighter and brighter the mirror of their intelligence. For this!

Mr. Dos Passos is a distinguished literary artist, and his book suggests a mosaic of carefully selected fragments of experience and imagination. It is a series of vivid impressionist sketches, intensely realistic in substance, but shot through and illuminated with the clear vision of an appalling tragedy. The constant sound of the guns, repeatedly emphasized in the work, has much the same significance as the persistent beating of the fatal drum in The Emperor Jones. One Man's Initiation leaves behind it an impression of compelling truth and beauty.

W. H. C.

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Of course, we hoped for good results from our special announcements in various periodicals like this journal, The Liberator, The Nation, The New York Call, The Survey, Reconstruction, and The Appeal to Reason. But we never even dreamed that the orders would simply pour in. In the language of our office boy, it has been a "knock-out." Every train that went through the little town of Girard, Kansas, had to stop for ten or even fifteen minutes to take on our outgoing parcel post mail. (Oh, how the mail clerks did grumble!) We feel so encouraged over the reception accorded our books that we have decided to let the readers of other magazines have a chance to purchase these fine little volumes at only 10 cents per copy. We have arranged to have the announcement printed to the right on this page, appear in mediums like Current Opinion, Nautilus, Leslie's, St. Louis Post Dispatch, Boyce's Weekly, The Chicago Ledger, Kansas City Star, and many other publications of national circulation. The best we could do was to arrange for insertions late in April or early in May. For that reason we have decided to extend our sale only 30 days more—up to June 1st—in order to give a greater public a chance to find out what a wonderful book buy the Appeal has waiting for lovers of genuine literature. And that being the case we decided it was only fair to let the readers of this journal take another shot at this amazingly popular offer. This is positively your last chance. When we get through with this sale we will have so many new customers that we will have all we can do to fill their orders. Meanwhile, we are proud to say that our staff of 52 workers get all books in the mails 24 hours after orders get on our files.

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Mr. Morton's Roses

Ships in Harbor, by David Morton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WHAT shall we say of Mr. David Morton, who has had so much praise of late? Mr. Morton is a prosperous and contented young man reading Masefield's sonnets on the wide verandah of a happy American home. The florid summer is about him; the soothing whir of the lawn-mower is heard. It occurs to him that he, too, can write sonnets, so he tries his hand at one, noting that much can be done by Mr. Masefield with words like "April," "Beauty" and "roses." His sonnet comes off so well that he straightway writes another—and another and another, till he has composed no less than eighty-four. These he publishes as a book.

But where Masefield has written:

"Before the smile upon the Sphinx was cold
Or sand had hid the Syrian and his arts"

Mr. Morton writes:

"When wine-red poppies stained the walls of Rome
And daisies starred those summer fields of Thrace."

(This particular sonnet of Masefield's, by the way, seems to have made a great impression upon Mr. Morton. He rewrites other parts of it as follows: for the opening "Roses are beauty," he echoes "Moonlight is memory" and for "Those women, who were roses in men's hearts," "Some Summer that was roses in his heart.") Mr. Morton, on his shady verandah, cannot squeeze out a single authentic Masefieldian lacrima rerum; for him there are only roses . . . roses . . . ships . . . ships . . . Troy . . . magic . . . music . . . old, old . . . Helen . . . Rome . . . blossoms . . . Camelot . . . Summer . . . Spring . . . April . . . April . . . June . . . June . . . roses . . . lovers ships . . . One wishes that Mr. Morton would have less to say about Greece and Rome and learn a little classic integrity of style from them. He is at his most characteristic when he is coupling the name of Athens with that of Morristown, New Jersey.

The Little Old House

The Little Old House, by Anna Wickham. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

ANNA WICKHAM is surely one of the most interesting poets now writing in England. The Little Old House is on the whole not so poignant as The Contemplative Quarry and The Man with a Hammer; it is the work of an older woman; the worst of the bewildering struggle between the woman as wife and mother and the woman as independent intelligence is over now and she no longer tears out our hearts so often with the passion of her surrender and the pride of her revolt; but as the latest instalment of the journal of an intense and original personality, it is extraordinarily interesting. The most striking thing about Mrs. Wickham is the reality of her emotions; when you read a poem of hers you feel not that you are getting a successful literary product prompted by an emotion and executed according to the best models, but that you are getting the emotion itself almost disturbingly warm and alive, with no veils of literature between you and it. Actually, of course, her poems are remarkable technical successes: instead of the ultimate appearance of of the emotion's being determined by traditional form, as in the case of the ordinary even very good poet, the emotion is so urgent and swift and strong that it has invented its own language; it finds the right words because it demands them so fiercely. And that language is like nothing else in the world (unless perhaps Blake, a little). With its naïveté and its fierceness, its broken rhythms and unliterary use of prosaic words and turns of phrase, it is, like the greatest lyric poetry, a passionate human voice,—a bright-eyed woman speaking, hastily, hotly, tenderly, eager to give her lover pleasure, detesting the routine of domestic life, too proud to lose her soul for love, too much aware of truth to be romantic and finally brought by love to see the world, simple and bright, through the eyes of her children.

The following little poem is characteristic of this latest book, which is more concerned with the lives of people other than the poet herself than her previous books have been:

THE PERFORMANCE

When we played a Greek play to the poor,
A fat old woman quickly sought the door.
She looked like a sad black beetle in her old shawl,
A creature that one could not educate at all.
I shall go back to Plaiston before long.
And sing that woman just a silly funny song.

Selected Current Books

The Truth About the Treaty, by André Tardieu. Bobbs-Merrill.

An account of the Peace Conference and a defense of the Treaty by the former French High Commissioner to the United States and delegate to the Peace Conference.

The Man Who Did the Right Thing, by Sir Harry Johnston. Macmillan.

A Romance, by the author of The Gay-Dombeys and Mrs. Warren's Daughter.

The Emperor Jones, Diff'rent and The Straw, by Eugene G. O'Neill. Boni and Liveright.

Three plays by the most interesting of American dramatists.

The Provincetown Plays, edited by George Cram Cook and Frank Shay.

A selection from the plays produced in New York by the Provincetown Players. The volume includes The Widow's Veil, Night, Suppressed Desires, Bound East for Cardiff, Aria da Capo, String of the Samisen, Not Smart, The Angel Intrudes, Enemies, and Cocaine.

Human Behavior, by Stewart Paton. Scribner's.

A work on human behavior "in relation to the study of educational, social and ethical problems."

Contributors

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